

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1903.

NO. 33.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTE.
6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:39 P. M. Daily.
12:39 P. M. Daily.
4:53 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
8:33 A. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The highway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the highway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Saturdays, 9:00 to 1:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 6:45 12:30
" South..... 2:33 8:33

MAIL CLOSURES.

North..... 9:10 12:30
South..... 6:15 8:33
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 435, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m. at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
P. M. Granger..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
ASSASSINATOR
C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK
H. W. Schaberg..... Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER
John F. Johnston..... Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
J. A. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

SONOMA TO DESTROY FRUIT PESTS

Three Horticulturists Are Appointed by the Board of Supervisors.

Santa Rosa.—The Board of Supervisors passed a resolution creating a Horticultural Commission for Sonoma county, and appointed Allen R. Galloway of Healdsburg, O. E. Bremner of Bennett valley and James B. Moran of Sebastopol as Commissioners. The resolution had its inception in a numerous signed petition to the Board from fruit-growers and others interested in the matter.

Bremner is a graduate of Stanford University and with others has urged the Supervisors to take action on the petition. Bremner will be field officer of the new Commission, and will make inspection of all the orchards and nurseries in the county for fruit pests and scales. Fruit packing-houses are also to be inspected, and where it is believed necessary to destroy pests fumigation will be ordered. The Commission will be very strict, and expects to rid the county of fruit pests if possible. The commission takes office July 1st, and will be under the control of the Board of Supervisors.

Bulgarian Bands Wiped Out.

Salonica.—A band of Bulgarian revolutionists was destroyed by the Turkish troops at Cradobar, near this city. Fifteen Bulgarians were killed. Another insurgent band is reported to have been annihilated on the railway line near Ristovatz, Serbia, after a six hours' fight.

EVENTS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important and Interesting Haps and Mishaps of the Week Briefly Told.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES

Short, Crisp, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's News in a Form Appreciated by All Busy Readers.

Former President Cleveland has leased what is known as the Sweet House, at Lenox, Mass. He expects to arrive there June 20th.

Robbers broke into the Gold Sta-beck Bank at Vesta, Minn., dynamited the safe and got away with \$2500 in cash and \$2000 in notes. No clew.

General Crozier, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, has received a report from the Infantry Board, at Fort Leavenworth, approving the twenty-inch rifle as an Army weapon.

The Treasury Department is taking steps to draw the lines tighter along the Mexican border, to prevent the unlawful entrance of Chinese. This is done in view of the importation of Chinese laborers at Manzanillo by the new China Commercial Company's line.

Three masked men boarded a suburban car running east from East St. Louis, Ill., robbed J. Howes, the motorman, and killed the conductor, John N. Keith. There were only a few passengers in the car, but they could not interfere. The robbers jumped from the car and escaped.

It is learned at Washington that final steps have been taken toward a settlement of the award of \$1,000,000 by the arbitration committee in the case of El Triunfo, an American corporation, whose franchises were adjudged to have been invalid by the Salvadorean Government.

Four lives were lost at Hannibal, Mo., by the collision of the steamer Flying Eagle, towing a bargeful of Sunday-school excursionists, with a pier in the Hannibal bridge. The accident was due to the blowing out of a cylinder head of the bow engine, disabling the craft and placing it at the mercy of the swift current.

In connection with the report from Enid, Ok. T., that John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln, died there January 14th, under the name of David E. George, it is declared by persons familiar with the case that there is no doubt whatever that Booth's body is buried at Baltimore, Md., in Greenmount Cemetery. The body now lies buried in the Booth lot, but without any headstone or mark on the grave.

A cable to the New York Sun from The Hague says: According to advices received here the Government of Belgium has decided to abandon the project of annexing the Congo Free State, allowing the option of annexation to expire. It is explained that Belgium is disinclined to assume the responsibility of governing the Congo as a colony because of popular opposition and the attitude of Great Britain.

Mail advices from Manila tell of a disgraceful act of vandalism on the part of visitors to the recently floated Spanish cruiser Reina Christina, sunk by Dewey, in the surreptitious removal of bones of the dead Spaniards for relics. The Christina was thought to have had \$200,000 in gold on board, but it was not found. The gunboat Velasco, which was raised, was found to have been sunk by her own crew, who had opened the bilge cocks and main injection valve.

Edward Keller, a young man living at Hoboken, N. Y., became dumb after having one of his back teeth pulled by a dentist in that city. City Physician Stack and other Hoboken doctors confess inability to account for Keller's affliction, and he proposes to consult a specialist. The tooth which Keller had extracted had been giving him trouble for a long time. The root was unusually long and the dentist had considerable difficulty in pulling the tooth.

Henry Romeike, who is said to have organized the first newspaper clipping bureau, died of apoplexy at his home in New York. He was born in Me-mel, Prussia, in 1855, and started a

clipping bureau in London in 1881. In 1884 he founded a branch at New York, and that soon became the head office of the enterprise. Romeike came to New York in 1893. He later established branches in other countries and had a number of royal persons as subscribers. By the industry he originated and built up to world-wide importance he added the word "romeiked" to the language.

A cable to the Herald from Rome says: Leo XIII has ordered the Vatican printers to carefully reproduce all his encyclicals and different pontifical acts and forward them as a gift to the President of the United States. They will form a magnificent set and will be superbly bound. The edition will be limited. Mgr. Volpini has been charged with superintending the publishing of this important work.

Americans are going diamond mad, according to the figures given out by the custom-houses at New York. Diamonds and other precious stones worth \$2,422,000 were imported in May. This is the greatest of any month. More than \$50,000,000 worth of diamonds and other gems have been imported since the great May panic in 1901. The increasing demand for the stones has so increased their price that purchasers find they have proved a good business investment.

Sad faced because of the trouble they expect in trying to acquire the Scotch dialect, four cockatoos from Santa Fe, N. M., were put aboard the American liner Philadelphia at New York on the way to Andrew Carnegie's estate in Scotland. Roswell Pierce, the ornithologist, from whom Mr. Carnegie bought the birds for \$600, accompanied them from New Mexico to the pier. They were in separate cages. The birds have already mastered Spanish and English. For several weeks, with the aid of small pebbles held in their bills, they have been trying to acquire a Scotch burr, and one of them can say "Hoot Morn" once a day without hurting himself. Similar birds, so far as plumage is concerned, are not known, according to Pierce, to exist anywhere. The four birds are exactly alike in plumage, which is coal black, with the exception of pure white tails and the white ring around their necks. Pierce imported the parents from New Guinea twenty-five years ago.

Disappears While Shell Hunting.

San Diego.—Word was received in this city from La Jolla, a resort fourteen miles up the coast, of the disappearance of W. H. Chandler, who had been staying there for several weeks. Chandler, with a companion, came here from Denver, where he was connected with the F. M. Davis Iron Works. He was a sufferer from insomnia. While he and his companion were engaged in hunting sea shells near La Jolla he disappeared while the latter's back was turned, and has not been seen since. It is believed he wandered away while temporarily demented by loss of sleep. A week ago he disappeared, and later was found on the top of a mountain.

Indian Crushed by Train.

Vancouver, B. C. A special from White Horse says unexpected developments have followed the death of an Indian named Johnnie Smart, who was killed by a train about five miles from here Saturday. The Indian was lying on the track rolled up in his blankets. The engineer thought the bundle was a roll of blankets and did not stop. At the inquest the evidence went to show that there had been a drunken fight between the dead man and several other Indians, and that they probably injured him in the scuffle and placed his body on the track to hide their crime. The police are working on the case and have made one arrest.

Predict Peaceful Settlement.

Washington.—Sir Chen Liang Cheng, the Chinese Minister, will present his credentials to President Roosevelt next Monday afternoon. "There is no doubt that the Manchurian question will be amicably settled," said he when questioned as to Manchuria. "I have not discussed the matter heretofore and do not desire to enter a further statement."

No Protest by England.

London.—Contrary to the statement cabled from Willemsstad, Curacao, the Foreign Office reiterates its announcement that the British Minister at Caracas has not protested against the action of the Venezuelan Government in closing the Orinoco ports. The attitude to be assumed by Great Britain is still under consideration.

STAGE HALTS WHEN SHOTS KILL HORSES

Frightened Passengers Are Robbed by Masked Road Agents.

DRIVER NARROWLY ESCAPES BULLETS

The Highwaymen, After Securing Four Hundred Dollars in Coin and Several Watches, Make Their Escape.

Redding.—For the second time in six months Jim Wilson, the driver of the Redding and Weaverville stage, was held up almost within the old town of Shasta, and this time Wilson came very near being made a target for the highwaymen's guns.

Wilson was driving along at a rapid clip on the down trip with eight passengers aboard, among them being one woman, Mrs. H. C. Ferris of French Gulch. Express Messenger Haskell was not on the stage and there was very little of value in the Wells Fargo boxes.

When the stage neared the four-mile post on the Camden turnpike, almost in Shasta, Mrs. Ferris remarked to the driver that she thought she heard an order to halt. Wilson believed it was imaginative and kept on going. In a second there were two shots and both of the leaders of the team dropped dead.

Two masked men appeared from either side of the road, and while one covered the driver and passengers, the other ordered Wilson to throw out the express boxes. Wilson did so, and then came the command for the passengers to get out and line up. They complied, and while the taller robber kept them covered, the little one made them hand over their valuables. Money, watches and jewelry were given in to the sack held by the robber, and when all had been fleeced each robber took a box and backed off up the road.

This robbery occurred at almost the same spot where Wilson was robbed on December 21st, when one highwayman held up the stage, and besides getting the boxes lined up seven passengers and robbed them.

Besides taking the boxes and passengers' property, the robbers cut open the mail sacks and took the registered mail pouches.

There is intense excitement and it is the opinion that there will be lynching if the robbers are caught alive. Recent murders in Shasta county have worked the people to a high pitch of indignation.

When Jim Redding drove the stage into Redding he was met by hundreds of people and excitement was intense. The smashed and broken express boxes were aboard, valises were cut and torn and rolls of blankets untone and partly ruined. Of the three commercial men aboard each lost all his personal belongings. Mrs. Ferris had \$46 in a purse. She placed that under the seat cushion, thinking it would be safe. The robber who relieved the passengers of their valuables passed her by, but later found the money under the seat and took it. Hoag, who lost \$30, had \$45 in gold that he dropped on the stage floor and kicked under the carpet, saving it. Wilson said that it was the closest call he ever had, and had the messenger been aboard some one would have been killed. It is believed the robbers were after the regular shipment of gold from the Lappin mine. The shipment is due now and amounts on an average to \$5000.

Railroad Depot Burned.

Phoenix, A. T.—The freight depot of the Maricopa and Phoenix and Salt River Valley Railroad burned with its contents, and was a total loss. A tank of ammonia and a tank of oil exploded, tearing out the west end of the building and spreading the flames over freight that might otherwise have been removed. Much valuable freight was destroyed. No estimate of the loss has been made.

Million Chinese Starving.

Washington.—Secretary Hay has received a cable from Consul McWade at Canton which says: "Governor Wong telegraphs me that over a million natives in Kwangsi are starving and earnestly appealing for help from American charity. All relief distribution through the hands of American and British missionaries."

HALTS AN AUTO WITH A PISTOL.

A Tourist on the Mount Hamilton Stage Averts a Possible Collision.

San Jose.—Far up the Mount Hamilton road, where the highway winds around the sloping mountain side, there occurred, last Saturday afternoon, an incident thrilling enough to serve in an up-to-date drama.

The daily stage from this city, in charge of Fred Ross, and containing a number of passengers, was toiling up the steep ascent, when suddenly there swept around a curve ahead a puffing, tooting automobile, enveloped in a cloud of dust and coasting down the road at a rate of thirty miles an hour.

The unexpected appearance of the machine and the rapid pace at which it was traveling frightened the stage team, and the driver signaled to the chauffeur to slacken his speed. Paying no attention to the stage or its occupants, the man at the wheel came straight on toward them, and a serious collision appeared imminent.

At this point a lanky tourist seated on the seat with the driver, sprang to the ground and ran up the road ahead of the horses. With a revolver pointed at the goggle-eyed automobilist, he repeated the order to slow up, and the machine came to a standstill.

Forest Fires Sweeping Canada.

Montreal.—Reports from various parts of the province state that fires are raging in almost every direction where the country is wooded. The villages of Astor and Forestdale have been completely wiped out. Scores of towns and villages are in constant danger of destruction.

MAY BUY THE IRON MINES OF LAPLAND

Steel Trust Reported to Be About to Make a Fifty Million Dollar Deal.

New York.—A cable to the Journal from Stockholm says: Negotiations now pending may result in a \$50,000,000 purchase by the United States Steel Corporation of the entire vast iron mines in Lapland, said to be the largest and richest iron mining tract in the world. The present owners of the company of which G. E. Bross is president. Bross and Charles M. Schwab of the steel trust had several conferences while Schwab was last in Europe.

These are by no means the first negotiations the American corporation has had with a view of acquiring the gigantic property. It is generally conceded that the property is of incalculable value, but the amount of capital demanded for the full development of the mining fields is altogether too great for Swedish capital to meet. Besides, it is believed that American methods would cope with the scheme of development more advantageously than could the Swedish promoters.

More than a year ago Bross and Schwab had a conference regarding the sale of iron mines, with the result that shortly afterward a party of English and American engineering experts went to the Lapland fields for a thorough examination of the mines. The Swedish Government, however, interfered, declaring that it could not permit valuable property lying so close to Russia, its old enemy, to pass into the proprietorship of foreigners. Bross, it is understood, has received an official assurance that any negotiations he may open with the Americans will not be broken up.

Falling Meteor Starts a Fire.

Bakersfield.—News has reached here that a large meteor fell blazing from the sky, striking the earth near the Claudina farm at Delano. The aerial visitor was seen by a large number of persons and was easily located, as it set fire to the grass where it fell, and the blaze endangered a large wheat field before it was extinguished. Molten lava was scattered all over the ground for a considerable distance and many persons secured pieces as souvenirs.

Threaten to Massacre Jews.

Berlin.—According to a dispatch from Lemberg the papers in that town publish an account of the renewal of the Jew-baiting at Borestezekow, Russia, near Brody, Galicia. Twenty thousand peasants, assembled at the annual fair, threatened to massacre the Jews, who, panic stricken, closed their houses and stores and telegraphed to the Governor for protection. One hundred of the Jews fled to Uryn, on the Austrian border.

WOULD END THE KENTUCKY FEUDS

Band of Student Preachers Will Try to Convert Breathitt County.

New York.—The Sun's Lexington, Ky., correspondent says: Within the next few days Breathitt county, the scene of the Kentucky feud, murder and strife, will be invaded by a band of twenty-five young preachers, who will spend the summer months in an earnest effort to evangelize the people and end feudal feeling. The main purpose of the pilgrimage is to reach the people wherever opportunity presents itself, and by instilling Christian principles into their hearts to create better social conditions and render impossible a recurrence of feudal murder. Country school-houses and cross roads, grocery stores and tents will be employed for meeting places.

Merry-go-round in Wild Runaway.

Chicago.—A dispatch to the Chronicle from Evansville, Ind., says: A merry-go-round in a park near the city ran away with itself. There were thirteen children on the swing at the time. The conductor grabbed up the children one by one and threw them from the swing. One of them was thrown against a post and her skull fractured. She is not expected to survive. One child had its jaw broken, another had an arm broken and several were badly bruised. Just as the conductor jumped from the swing it broke in pieces and the wooden horses were thrown in all directions.

Crushed to Death by a Car.

Portland, Or.—Marvin G. Tufford, an old soldier 65 years of age, with only one leg, was run over and killed by an electric car on the Piedmont line at North Albina. He had been to a notary to fix up his pension papers for the next quarter and had alighted from a car, when another coming in the opposite direction struck him and crushed his body badly. He was taken to a hospital, where he died soon after.

Harvest in Orange County.

Santa Ana.—The harvesting of the grain crop of the county commenced on the fields of the San Joaquin and De la Habra valley. The crop will be a record breaker in quantity, and as a general rule the grain is bright and of a heavy weight. The acreage of both wheat and barley is unusually large.

The People's Store
GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

If you suffer from "cat fear" take a dose of catnip.

It doesn't take much praise to spoil the man who can't stand criticism.

The fellow was right who said "fortune seldom knocks at the door of the knocker."

To some people truth is stranger than fiction because they have so little to do with the former.

There is an age when every girl wants to go on the stage, just as there is when every boy wants to be a pirate.

Scientists tell us that England is being eaten up by the sea, but she manages to make him pay well for his board.

According to the British budget, the Boer war so far has cost England \$1,055,000,000. Was the game worth the candle?

A few more anti-merger decisions to squeeze the water out of stocks, and Wall street will be wondering if the levees will hold.

Some people are just dying to get into society—if we are to believe the accounts of the prominence of some recent victims in murder cases.

One reason why legislatures hang on forever is found in an overgrown membership. There are in the average law-making body at least twice as many members as there should be.

The man who brings the flush of happiness to a woman's cheek, who drives away the traces of care and unhappiness, who coaxes back the glow of youth—he makes powder puffs.

Uncle Sam wants the Indians to adopt English names, and in turn may not Indian names on some of the new warships. This will be at least one fair exchange which will not prove a robbery of the Indian.

Millionaire Swift once said that no man is rich enough to smoke 25-cent cigars. However, it is likely that Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller could afford the strain of three or four a day without incurring a reputation for wild extravagance.

China, according to the census just completed, has a population of 423,000,000. The inhabitants of Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet and Turkestan were not counted, but their number was estimated. Nevertheless, by the information we now have, the empire is more populous than ever before.

Descriptions of President Castro, of Venezuela, turning from affairs of state to attend a lawn party recall the man who had so many troubles and carried them so lightly that a friend asked in wonder, "How do you manage to keep so cheerful?" "Because I have to," was the significant reply.

Very few will be disposed to question that in giving of his millions to Tuskegee Institute Mr. Carnegie is putting his money where it will do the most good. He is satisfied that Dr. Washington is solving the race problem in the only way it can be solved, and he does well and wisely to back this belief with what is most needed in this great campaign of practical education.

The announcement that Joseph Chamberlain asked the King to bestow upon his wife a special mark of honor which his Majesty wished to confer on him must have caused the most zealous enemy of the Colonial Secretary to lapse into momentary admiration. All the world loves a loving and gracious recognition of obligation, and who is to measure Mr. Chamberlain's indebtedness to his American wife?

If Russia can bulldoze China in the matter of the province she will acquire such a prestige at Peking that no amount of diplomatic persuasion later will restore the other powers to their rightful status with the Chinese court. So impudent are the Russian demands and so grave their import that a joint note from the powers is to be expected forthwith, else good-bye to all hope for the rescue of China from the thrall of a combination of Chinese reaction and Russian selfishness.

The movement to honor by a suitable memorial the English newspaper correspondents who lost their lives in the South African War revives the recollection of service performed under trying and perilous conditions. The committee of the Institute of Journalists has been compiling a list of the correspondents who were killed or died of disease while in the discharge of duty. "Killed at Wagon Hill," "Killed at Slingersfontein," "Killed at Mafeking," "Died of fever at Simons Town"—so runs the record. The cost of war in money falls into insignificance when compared with its cost in men. Try how they may, no class of men concerned in war can escape the fatal toll of the battle-field.

Read the appalling histories of the spot in New York. They are mere accidental revelations. They are to the great mass of hidden misery and degradation what the truant spark is

to the covered fire. Once in a while someone hears of a case of special affliction, and nearly always the machinery of rescue is set in motion by Christian hands. But we hear of one in a thousand. The others are left to their suffering, their hopelessness, their degradation. We have untold millions to spend and immeasurable sympathy and ministrations to bestow in China, India—the farther away the better—while here at home, within sound of our own church bells, scarce a stone's throw from our sumptuous residences, poverty, pain, despair all flourish, and the pagan ferment of the slums creates unceasingly material for the brothel and jail.

Sad news comes from Oklahoma, where an investigation of the condition of the poor Indian has recently been made by a representative of the government. It appears that the Indians of Oklahoma are suffering from too much prosperity. Ten or twelve years ago they were busy and happy. They owned land, each head of a family had a pony or two, a few dogs, pigs, chickens and other necessities of life, and the days came and went with a pleasing if somewhat monotonous regularity. To-day the noble red men of Oklahoma appear to be rapidly going to the bad. Their land has turned out to be valuable, and they are leasing it to white men at high prices. The result is that the Indians are no longer forced to work for a living, and they are rapidly falling into habits of idleness and vice. The report of the commissioner who has been looking into the matter says: "From habits of industry and thrift these Indians, or most of them, have become idlers and vagrants on the face of the earth. The best friends of the Indians are those who are in favor of compelling them to work. Work is the salvation of these Indians and their only salvation. The leasing of lands has proved to be a great calamity for a majority of them. It would be a thousand times better for them if the leasing of lands was prevented and the proposition presented to them flatly to work or starve." This will probably be discouraging to people who have longed to raise the Indian up to nobler and better things; but does it, after all, indicate that the red man is essentially different from his white brother? Is the Indian the only one who can't broaden out and progress in idleness?

If you would realize the immensity of the United States trade, statistics. We talk about billion-dollar Congresses; now let's think about a billion-dollar commerce. In the year ending March 31, 1903, the imports of the United States reached a billion dollars. That is the first time imports ever reached the billion mark. Uncle Sam is a good customer. It is a fact that as good a peace guarantee as a fleet of warships. Countries that are selling us a thousand million dollars' worth of things to eat, drink, wear and use in a single year would at least think twice before affronting such a customer and strangling such a market. The prosperous way of doing business is said to be to sell more than you buy. The United States is doing that, and feeding nations. The exports for the year ending March 31 reached the stupendous total of \$1,414,786,590, and covered everything from steel bridges to dollar watches, breakfast foods to bottled beer. This is a big country. Its own people can scarcely comprehend the greatness of the empire. Why, the farms alone are worth three thousand million dollars. We have a billion-dollar trust, billion-dollar crops, billion-dollar bank savings. We have just launched a ship that will carry 30,000 tons of freight, and more are building. The mines of the Northwest will give up 35,000,000 tons of iron ore in a single season. From Maine to California big things are in progress. All this is the wonder of the civilized world, and when put into figures the totals simply stun humanity. Big! Why, when you can count all of the stars and the grains of sand on the seashore, you'll be able to measure the glory and greatness of America! We should pray for humility—power to bear our greatness with honor and dignity. We should see to it that morals, education, charity, civic righteousness, all the higher things of life, keep pace with the mighty strides of commerce. For, unless they do, the years of our greatness are surely numbered.

Skating on Water.
It would seem that skating on water may be successfully accomplished, says Tit-Bits. A German inventor has made a hundred-mile journey with water shoes on the surface of the River Danube. The shoes are cylindrical in shape, and are made of aluminum to give them extreme lightness. They are several feet long, and are propelled by a treading movement, which causes four oar-shaped wings to revolve. The inventor claims that he can travel on water three times as fast as he can walk on land, and that locomotion is as safe on rough water as on smooth. He hopes to have the shoes made a part of every well-regulated life-saving station.

The Wall of Severus.
The wall of Severus, separating England from Scotland, was thirty-six miles long and guarded by twenty-one forts. It was twenty feet high and twenty-four feet thick, and to the north was protected by a moat forty feet wide and twenty feet deep.

Great Lumber Resources.
The State of Washington has the largest lumber resources in the world. One acre of Washington timber will furnish in its lumber as many carloads of freight as 120 years of wheat product from a Dakota farm.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LARK.

"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
Calhoun the meadow lark
Thro' the rose of dawn to me,
So loud and so sweet—oh, lark!
How tenderly, liquidly clear,
Over the meadows, I hear
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
And I think of my dearest across the sea—
The blue, blue sea that holds us apart—
For there is a message that softly breathes
Thro' the voice of the lark—
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
Calhoun the meadow lark
Thro' the rose of dawn to me,
And this is the message—hark!
My thoughts are lovebirds true
That wing the smiles to you.
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
And I think of my dearest across the sea—
The sea that cannot hold us apart—
While this is the message that fondly breathes
Thro' the voice of the lark—
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"
—Woman's Home Companion.

THE CLOVERBURG COMEDY.

NEAR Cloverburg, Ky., lived two very respectable old gentlemen. They owned contiguous blue grass farms, each of generous acreage. Both men were descended from good old Kentucky stock, and both were extremely proud of their unstained and honorable lineage. Esquire Israel Longacre, who got his title from having been at one time a county magistrate, was about sixty years of age, of rotund figure and strong constitution. He carried his years well, and although possessed of a naturally kind heart, was at times subject to violent attacks of cholera, during which periods of temporary insanity he would neither reason himself or listen to the reasoning of others. He married, late in life, a very estimable lady, and had one daughter—a beautiful and accomplished girl—who, at the time of which I write, was just budding into womanhood. The squire's wife had died four years previous, and since that time his household affairs had been managed by his only unmarried sister, a lady of uncertain age, spare figure and vinous temper. The squire—albeit all people and all things were usually subservient to his will—had a mortal dread of his spinster sister, and a wholesome respect for her sharp tongue. She had absolute control of household matters, and as the squire never interfered with her arrangements, the pair got along very nicely together. Both loved the beautiful girl who had grown up to womanhood under their eyes, and the heart of the old squire could always be approached through Nellie, who was the image of her dead mother. The daughter and her aunt—who rejoiced in the name of Dorothea Longacre—never quarreled, and, taken altogether, the Longacre household machine moved smoothly. The Longacres' nearest neighbor was Col. Anson Shortrood, who at one period of his life rode at the head of a valiant regiment of militia. The colonel was a widower of long standing, his excellent spouse having departed this life several years ago, leaving to him, as a legacy, a boy, now grown to manhood, who was named Anson, junior, after his father, and who was a model of industry and sobriety. The colonel's household goddess was a buxom widow, Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who was related to the head of the household by marriage, being the only sister of his late consort. The colonel was fifty-five, or thereabouts, was tall, angular and bony, and disposed to be unrelenting and unyielding in disposition. The colonel and the squire had lived neighbors for thirty years, and up to about six months previous to the occurrence I am about to describe were warm friends. They fell out over a trifling matter. The colonel owned a fine flock of merino sheep, of which he was very proud. The squire was the possessor of a large mastiff dog, of whose intelligence and good qualities he was always boasting. One night an animal, supposed to be a sheep-killing dog, broke into the colonel's fold, killed a valuable buck and mangled several ewes. When the doughty military chieftain discovered his loss he was furious, and stormed in true soldierly style. "What dog could have done it?" inquired the son, who had been attracted to the spot by his father's storm of words. "Why, that cur of Squire Longacre's," bawled his father. "He shall pay me heavy damages, or I'll have the law on him." "I don't think—" began the son. "Well, don't think, then!" bellowed his father. "I'll do the thinking." "But—" "Shut up!" roared the colonel, frothing at the mouth. And young Anson was silent. The colonel hurried back to the house for his cane, and in a few minutes was striding across the field in the direction of Squire Longacre's mansion. "What's the matter with your father?" asked buxom Mistress Sloan, as young Anson entered the kitchen, where she was at work, shortly after the departure of his sire.

"He's got one of his mad spells on," was the answer. "That's plain to be seen," sniffed the widow. "But what, in goodness's name, has brought it on?" "A dog broke into the fold last night, killed a fine buck and crippled several ewes." "For pity's sake! Well, I never! That's enough to make a man mad! Whose dog was it?" "He thinks it was Squire Longacre's." "Not Bruno?" "I believe he has only one dog." "Well, I, for one, don't think Bruno will kill sheep. I know he will not, and the squire is too neighborly and too wise a man to quarrel with, just on a suspicion like that." "They'll quarrel, though," said young Anson. "Father has gone over there, mad, and the first word he utters will start the squire." "It's a great pity," commented Mrs. Sloan. "That's what I say," assented Anson. And he walked through the kitchen and sought his own room. He seated himself at a desk which stood in one corner, and drew toward him pen and paper. After a few minutes' hesitation he dashed off a few lines, read what he had written carefully and placed the sheet in an envelope. After directing it, he affixed a stamp, and, putting the letter in an inner pocket, left the house by a rear door and walked across the field toward the village. He dropped the letter in the box at the post office and returned directly home. When he reached there he met his father. "Anson," said the colonel, sharply, "that scoundrel, Longacre, refuses to pay for the sheep his dog killed, and I'm going to bring suit against him." "Yes, sir." "I've noticed lately that you've been paying that girl of his a good deal of attention. I want that stopped." "Yes, sir." "If I hear of you being together again, I'll disinherit you. She's as bad as her father, and he's no better than a thief. His sister, Miss Dorothea, is a very clever woman, and the only really decent person about the house." Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who usually spoke of Miss Dorothea Longacre as that "hatchet-faced old maid," told young Anson that night that she for one did not believe in these neighborly quarrels, and she meant to tell Squire Longacre that she had no hand in the matter, and did not believe his dog killed sheep, the first time she saw him. At about the same time Squire Longacre was standing on the porch of his house, angrily confronting his daughter Nellie, who had just returned from the village. "Nell," he said, "that old rascal, Shortrood, has been here, and I expect we'll have a lawsuit. He says my dog Bruno killed his sheep last night, and I told him flatly that if he said my dog killed a sheep he was a liar!" "Oh, papa!" protested Nellie. "Well, he's an unreasonable old wretch, and I'll give him all the law he wants. His son's no better. And hark ye, girl, if I ever catch you and that young puppy together again I'll break my cane over his back and put you in a madhouse! Do you hear?" "Yes, papa." "Well, heed, then!" cried the squire, warningly; and he walked in to supper. Nellie retired to her room, took a letter from her bosom and read the contents eagerly. "Dear fellow!" she said, and kissed the sheet which had been penned only a few hours before by young Anson. Then she went down to supper. But little was said during the meal. The squire was cross and sulky, and Miss Dorothea was evidently in one of her worst moods. After the meal she put on her bonnet and threw a light shawl over her bony shoulders. "Where are you going, Dor?" asked her brother. "None of your business!" was the sharp answer. "You needn't be so snappish about it!" "Snappish!" cried the ancient maid, and she tossed her head. "I should say snappish! A man as unreasonable as you are, talk about people being snappish! Quarreled with one of the nicest men in the county." "He's a scoundrel!" snarled the squire. "He's a Christian gentleman!" contradicted Miss Dorothea, "and you ought to go down on your knees to him and ask his pardon." "I'll see myself! If there's any going down on the knees, let him go down to me. He insulted me in my own house." "I suppose you'd go down on 'em fast enough if that maneuvering old widow would ask you!" "She's a lady!" cried the squire. "You'd better go tell her so. It'll be news to her, I reckon." "Perhaps I shall." "Well, you'd better. A lady! Well, heaven save the mark!" And, with this spiteful reflection, Miss Dorothea frowned out of the room. She directed her steps toward a grove of maple trees which marked the boundary line between the farms of the two belligerents. By a curious coincidence Colonel Shortrood strolled in the same direction at about the same time. The angular soldier and the maiden lady met. They spoke, and finally walked toward an unrequented part of the grove, arm in arm. Shortly after Miss Dorothea left the house the squire stole out the back

way and walked rapidly across a wheat field toward a certain big willow tree which stood on the edge of a pond. By a singular coincidence Mrs. Abigail Sloan, in the course of her serpentine ramble, reached this same pond. Seated on a fallen log, she and the representative of county judicial honors were soon engaged in an animated conversation. While these little scenes were being enacted, pretty Nellie Longacre, in the seclusion of her chamber, wrote the following note, which young Anson Shortrood got out of the post office the next morning: "Dearest An: You know best. We will attend the Lexington fair, and I'll be ready then. As papa has forbidden me to see you, we must manage our correspondence and interviews very secretly. Will be at the old place Sunday night. Your loving little Nellie." "NELLIE." The Kentucky State fair that year came off at Lexington in October. The colonel, young Anson and the widow Sloan were there; the squire, his maiden sister and pretty Nellie also attended. On the evening of the second day of the fair, at three several places in the blue grass city, there were three several couples, under cover of the night, drove out of the city by three several roads, which all, however, headed toward the Ohio river. Everybody has heard of Aberdeen, Ohio, which is of a verity the American "Gretna Green," and most everybody has heard of Squire Massie Beasley, the presiding genius of the little village. Late on the morning of the night I speak of, a man and woman were ferried across the river from Maysville, and proceeded directly to the squire's house. A few lusty raps on the door roused his sable assistant, who rejoices in the name of Vulcan—probably because he has assisted in welding so many pairs of hearts together, and he opened the door and admitted them. There was no light, and he ushered them into a big room which opened directly off the hall. He was just going for a light when another knock summoned him to the door, and he admitted another couple. Again he started for the light, and a third knock sounded. He admitted a third couple, and, leaving them all in the big room, he hastened upstairs to arouse the squire. "Buzniz ez boomiz, boss," he said, when the Great American Matrimonializer jumped out of bed. "Free pair uv em, sah!" "Three!" repeated the magistrate, making a hasty toilet. "Take that lamp down. I'll be there directly." Vulcan obeyed the order, and when he opened the door of the big room, and the rays of the lamp he carried flooded the apartment, the six people therein contained gave utterance to six quick cries of astonishment. It was the denouement of the Cloverburg comedy! Standing in one corner of the room was Colonel Shortrood, on whose arm hung Miss Dorothea Longacre. Facing the military chieftain was Esquire Israel Longacre, whose arm was twined about the waist of buxom Abigail Sloan. In the middle of the apartment stood young Anson Shortrood, holding to his breast pretty Nellie Longacre. After the first cries of astonishment there was a moment's silence, then a tremendous roar of laughter; and then followed such handshaking and kissing, and cries of mutual forgiveness and pledges of eternal love and friendship as probably were never heard or seen before. Squire Massie Beasley married the three couples, and they went back to Cloverburg together. The lawsuit was dropped, and all parties thereafter lived together in peace and amity.—Saturday Night.

STOLEN DOG AND REWARD.

What Happened to One of Sir Edwin Landseer's Models.
Sir Edwin Landseer was about to put finishing touches to the portrait of a dog belonging to Lord X., and was expecting a visit from his model, when the owner arrived in a state of great perturbation, without the dog—the animal had been stolen. After talking over the loss with Sir Edwin, the owner decided to leave the matter in the painter's hands, together with a £10 note as a reward for the recovery of the dog. Now, Sir Edwin's acquaintance with the dog fanciers was large, and he summoned to his aid one Jim Smith, who he thought might put him on the right track. He showed the man the picture, and the bank note and promised that if the dog were restored no questions should be asked. Jim Smith said he would do his best, and went his way. Six weeks later Jim Smith arrived at the studio leading the missing dog by a piece of string. "Is this the dog, Sir Edwin?" There was no need to ask the question, for the animal was the very picture of his portrait. "Here is your £10 note," said the artist, "and I suppose I must ask no questions. But now that the affair is done with, you may just as well tell me all about it." After a moment of hesitation, the man confessed that he himself was the thief. "You! you thundering rascal!" exclaimed Sir Edwin, "then why on earth have you kept us in suspense all this time?" "Well, yer see, guv'nor," was the answer, "I stole the dog, but the gen'lman I sold him to kept 'im so jolly close that I hadn't a chance of nicking him again till yesterday, and that's the truth, s'elp me."—London Chronicle.

In order to be sure you are right you must go ahead and find out.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

"Two Centuries of American Costume in America" will be Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's next book. Josephine Dodge Daskam has signified her desire to be known in the future as Josephine Daskam, without the Dodge. Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known writer on nature subjects, is writing a long story for boys. This will be his first in that field. The publication of Mark Twain's new book, "Christian Science," which was announced by the North American Review, has been postponed for the present. Miss Susan B. Anthony will give all her books and documents relating to the woman question to the Congressional Library, where they will be placed in a special alcove and catalogued separately. Another Western woman has written a first novel, and Harper Bros. are to publish it. Mary Holland Kincaid has written a love story dealing with the life actually led to-day by a religious community in the West, and has called her novel "Waldia." A diary kept by John Quincy Adams while a law student in the office of Theophilus Parsons at Newburyport has come to light. Charles Francis Adams has edited it and Little, Brown & Co. will soon issue it under the title "Life in a New England Town, 1787-1788." Small, Maynard & Co. announce the immediate publication of a remarkable addition to their distinguished list of American humor, a list which began with the masterpieces of Mr. Dooley and which has recently included Mr. Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," now in its one hundredth thousand. Edith Wyatt has defined her admirable little story, "True Love," as a comedy of the affections, and in her modesty seems to disclaim any attempt at satire. However, it remains for the reader to experience a delightful surprise in reading the book. The title is so suggestive of the milk-and-honey variety of novel that her absurdly natural observations on the lives of her subjects comes with a delicious and totally unexpected shock. Lavater says: "Read the best books which wise and sensible persons advise, and study them with reflection and examination; that is, ask yourselves, 'Do I understand what I read? Do I benefit by it? Do I become wiser and better thereby?' Read with the firm determination to make use of all you read. Do not by reading neglect a more immediate or more important duty. Do not read with a view of making a display of your reading. Do not read too much at a time. Reflect on what you have read, and let it be a nourishment of the heart and soul, moderately enjoyed and well digested." **FIFTY HATS AT \$50 EACH.** An American Girl's Order a Godsend to a Parisian Milliner. The American woman abroad is constantly doing things that are sensational. This is what makes them so popular, for their extraordinary acts



MISS MAY GOELET.

are generally of the money-spending kind. For instance, May Goelet has recently proven a veritable silver mine to a Parisian milliner in the Rue de la Paix, having recently bought fifty hats at as many dollars apiece. The hats represent all the prevailing modes, and Miss Goelet never wears less than five in the course of a day.

A Preposterous Proposition.
"Come, now, Maud," said Mr. Ape-sleigh, "we've got to buy tickets for this concert, you know. It's for charity." "But you said you hated concerts of this kind." "I do. Still, when their purpose is a noble one like this I feel that we ought to go." "Why not give the money the tickets would cost to some institution that needs—?" "What! I haven't got any money to toss to the wind just for the purpose of seeing the stuff flutter, confound it!" **A Prize.**
The editor of a weekly newspaper in Australia offers himself as a prize to the woman who writes the best essay on the duties of a wife.

OLD FAVORITES

John Burns of Gettysburg.
Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well;
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer is the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Battered and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell you how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk pail, red as blood,
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees,
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like
Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed
kine—
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.
And it was terrible, on the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round-shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvest of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main.
And brooding barn-fowl left their nest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.
Just where the tide of battle turned,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright-blue coat, with a rolling
collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that the country-folk called
"swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned
hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country
bean.
And went to the "quillings" long ago.
Close at his elbows all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered
in—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he
wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful
lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her
through."
"Your head's level," and "Bully for
called him "Daddy"; begged he'd dis-
close
The name of the tailor who made his
clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown
hat,
And the swallow tails they were laugh-
ing at.
'Twas but for a moment, for that re-
spect
Which clothes all courage their voices
checked,
And something the wildest could under-
stand
Spoke in the old man's strong right hand;
And his corded throat, and the lurking
frown—
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some
men saw
In the antique vestments and long white
hair
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Na-
varre,
That day was the oriflamme of war.
So raged the battle. You know the
rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward
pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.
This is the story of old John Burns.
In fighting the battle, the question's
whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a
feather!
—Bret Harte.

TOBOGGANING INTO A BEAR.

Dangers of Bear Hunting on an Icy Northern Island.
A member of the Wellman polar expedition of 1898-9, Paul Bjorvig, is described by Mr. Walter Wellman, in "A Tragedy of the Far North," as a man of superior courage, of unexampled fortitude and of inspiring character. If there was a bit of dangerous work to do, he was sure to be the first to plunge in. He sang and laughed at his work. If he went down into a "porridge," half ice and half salt water, and was pulled out by his

hair, he came up with a joke about the ice-cream freezer.

One day three men were out bear-hunting on an island. Two of them had rifles, the other had none. The last was Bjorvig. They found a bear, wounded him, and chased him to the top of a glacier. There bruin stood at bay. One of the hunters went to the left, another to the right. Bjorvig laboriously mounted the ice-pile to scare the beast down where the others might get a shot. But one of the hunters became impatient, and started to climb up also. On the way he lost his footing, fell, and slid forty or fifty feet into a pocket of soft snow.

At that moment, unfortunately, Bjorvig frightened the bear. Leaving the summit of the ice-heap, the beast slipped and slid straight toward the helpless man, who was floundering up to his armpits below. Apparently the man's life was not worth a half-kroner. In a few seconds the bear would be upon him, and would tear him to pieces. The brute was wounded, furiously, desperate.

Bjorvig saw what he had to do. He did not hesitate. He followed the bear. From his perch at the summit he threw himself down the precipitous slope. He rolled, fell, slipped straight down toward the big white bear. He had no weapon but an onken skee-staff, a mere cane; nevertheless he made straight for the bear.

Down the hillock slope he came, bumping and leaping, and yelling at the top of his voice. His cries, the commotion which he raised, the vision the bear saw of a man flying down at him, frightened the beast half out of his wits; diverted his attention from the imperiled hunter to the bold pursuer.

This was what Bjorvig was working for. The bear dug his mighty claws into the ice and stopped and looked at Bjorvig, but Bjorvig could not stop. The slope was too steep, his momentum too great. He dug his hands into the crust of the snow; he tried to thrust his skee-staff deep into the surface. It was in vain. Now he was almost upon the bear; the beast crouched to spring at him. Another second and it would all be over. Crack! the rifle spoke. The man down below had had time to recover his equilibrium. Another shot and the battle was over. Bjorvig and the bear rolled down together.

"You saved my life," said the man with the gun, when Bjorvig had picked himself up.
"No, no," responded Bjorvig, whipping the snow out of his hair, "you saved mine."

Money in Railroad.
A New York boulevard car was going north one day recently when, with a sudden jar, the current was thrown off and the passengers were bumped rudely together. The car came to a standstill. The motorman, says the New York Times, threw open the front door and ran back to the conductor on the rear platform.
They exchanged a few words, then both ran through the car to the front platform. Every passenger sat mute with surprise. Suddenly the car started and then backed. Then it started again, and once more backed. Then it stopped. Off jumped motorman and conductor, and as the astonished passengers looked out of the windows they saw the two men down on their hands and knees trying to crawl under the car. Presently, with an exclamation of delight, the motorman, covered with mud and grime, slowly emerged. Entering the car and holding up for inspection a ten-dollar bill, he said:
"Excuse me, passengers, for jarring you and keeping you waiting, but I came near running over this ten-dollar bill, and I hated to do it and leave it for the motorman on the car behind me."

Changed His Mind.
It is a wise father who knows just which story to tell in regard to his own child. Jackson, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. The New York Times tells of his meeting his friend Wilkins, who greeted him with: "Hello, Jackson! What do you think my little girl said this morning? She's the brightest four-year-old in town. She said—"
"Excuse me, old man!" exclaimed Jackson. "I'm on my way to keep an engagement. Some other time—"
"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jackson is the handsomest man I know.' Haw! haw! How's that for precocity, eh?"
And Jackson replied, "Wilkins, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy store and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."

The Autoist on Horseback.



Automobilist—I wish this confounded thing would run out of gasoline.

A Mean Man.
"He's the meanest man in town."
"What has he done?"
"Why, he permits his wife to accept alimony from two of her former husbands."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No woman should laugh at a "joke" on her husband.

GOOD-NIGHT.

The day has gone to sleep, within the vales,
Shadows are cradled in the emerald grass,
And on the heights the roscate sunset pales,
And from the clouds the crimson colors pass.

Good-night, sweet day! The stars come out on high,
To watch the pathway which your footsteps trod,
And pave with vastness the great deeps of sky.
—And bring our souls in fuller touch with God.
—Los Angeles Times.

THE TALISMAN.

Of course, its intrinsic value is very slight," I said, as Theodora stood holding the ring in her right hand.

"Is that why you are offering it to me?" she demanded, glancing up abruptly.

"Because," I explained, "it is supposed to bring the owner all manner of luck."

"Then," cried Theodora, "it is a kind of charm!"

"A talisman!"

"Oh, well, the idea used to be that it received influence from the planets—"

"I wonder which planet?" asked Theodora.

"The stone is green," I answered, "and green was the color of Venus, you know. Anyhow, it is supposed to protect your house from visitations of evil spirits—"

"Your house," she remonstrated.

"It is the same thing," I insisted, and Theodora's face grew red.

"Oughtn't a talisman to have some mysterious writing on it?" she asked.

"Every occult condition is fulfilled," I assured her, and she carried the ring to the window. But after an endeavor to read the words which were minutely engraved on the inner face of the thin gold band, she gave it up with a sigh. Taking the ring from Theodora's hand I held it in a more favorable position.

"To give and keep!" she read, then turned her head with an inquiring expression: "Is that right?" she asked.

"Quite right," I answered, and I shivered as her hair brushed my cheek.

"Do you feel cold?" she asked, looking at the fire.

"Not in the least."

"I will ring for Edwards to put some more coal on," she suggested, going toward the bell.

"You haven't made out all the words yet," I insisted, and after a momentary hesitation she returned to my side.

"It is extremely ridiculous," she exclaimed, "because how can you give a thing and yet—"

"It must be done in order to bring out the full virtue of the charm."

"But if you give it away—"

"Precisely what I am endeavoring to do!"

"Then how can you keep it?" Theodora demanded.

"Suppose you try to read the remaining line," I said, but she read it cautiously to herself before repeating it aloud. I saw her lips moving.

"To give and keep;
Nor lose nor weep."

she read.

"It is supposed," I explained, "to be a translation of an old English couplet, and you perceive that the last line contains the moral."

"And the first an impossible condition."

"I assure you it is perfectly simple," I insisted.

"In the Greek Kalends," said Theodora, with a smile.

"Much sooner, I hope."

"When?" she asked, turning away her face.

"If it is left to me, I should say a month at the latest."

Turning to face me again, she held out the ring at arm's length.

"I shall refuse to have anything to do with it," she cried.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh! I detest things I can't understand."

"You ought to try to have more faith," I urged.

"In what?" asked Theodora.

"In me, of course. I promise, if you take it, the ring shall bring good fortune."

"I was thinking of you," she murmured, "at the moment."

"Then the spell begins to work!" I exclaimed. "What better luck could it bring than to make you think of me?"

"To me or to you?" she demanded.

"To both; at present it is neither yours nor mine."

"It looks rather ancient," she remarked.

"You see it has been a family relic for generations," I explained.

"Then it has always been kept."

"Evidently."

"And consequently it has never been given away."

"At regular intervals," I insisted.

"Well," she faltered, "I—I don't understand." But I fancied she did.

"If you study the words carefully," I began, when she interrupted me with a solemn expression.

"Besides," she cried, "even if the condition could be fulfilled—"

"It could," I answered.

"Even then," she continued, "haven't any of its owners either lost or—"

"They have never lost the Talisman."

"Ah!" said Theodora, "it must be a

PROOF THAT IRRIGATION IS OF MUCH VALUE TO THE FARMER.

Irrigation of practical value to the farmer of the Middle West, say in Indiana?" asked the News correspondent of an official of the Agricultural Department.

"Decidedly," replied the irrigation expert. "From experiments that are being carried on in Wisconsin, Nebraska, Missouri, New Jersey and other States, it is already evident that a marked increase in yields of farm crops follows judicious irrigation even in regions where the rain fall is normally abundant. For instance, in Wisconsin experiments it has been demonstrated that the average increase in the yield of clover hay on irrigated land over that from unirrigated land is 2.5 tons an acre. The increase in corn is 25.95 bushels an acre; of potatoes \$3.9 bushels an acre. The annual cost of irrigation for these experiments was \$6.68 an acre, not counting interest on the investment, but including all extra labor. This left a net profit, at current prices, of \$20 an acre on hay, \$11 an acre on corn and \$73 an acre on potatoes."

The comparisons of averages in these experiments were made with the yields as reported in the census returns. This was not exactly fair, because the census averages give the returns for all kinds of farming—good, bad and indifferent—while the averages in the irrigation experiments were those of a carefully conducted institution. No farmer using irrigation can be a slouch and expect to reap any profit. He must do as they do in California—figure things down fine, and stop all gaps. But making all allowances for differences in the averages, and we still can show that judicious irrigation in the Middle West will pay handsomely.

"We made experiments, also, for the purpose of testing the effect both of irrigation and fertilization of sandy soils, such as are common in Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. These lands are poor in plant food, and retain so little moisture that all attempts to farm them profitably have failed. The experiments included the application of both water and manure to the lands. Manure alone was of little use, as there was not water enough to make the plant food available. Water alone gave fair results, but manure and water together gave fine returns."

"The cost of irrigation was \$6.70 an acre, and the net gain from irrigation was: Potatoes, \$30 an acre; corn, \$1 an acre; watermelons, \$58 an acre; muskmelons, \$45 an acre. From these experiments we found that water was a good thing in intensive farming, and increased the yield in truck farming and vegetables, but was not a profitable thing in the case of corn-raising, so far as those sandy soils were concerned."

"The cost of pumping water in the Wisconsin experiments was \$2.64 an acre foot, with coal at \$5 a ton, the water being raised twenty-six feet. With a gasoline engine, gasoline costing 11.98 cents a gallon, water was raised thirty-three feet at a cost of \$3.32 an acre-foot. We have prepared tables showing how much water is needed for different crops, how large a pump should be used, and how often the water should be applied to the land."

very wonderful thing if it always keeps away tears."

"You mustn't judge by its present effect," I urged, and she became suddenly indignant.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I fancied there were tears in your eyes—"

"Why should there be?"

"Why?" I whispered, drawing closer.

"If only the Talisman might do as you say," she murmured.

"My father gave it to my mother," I explained.

"Then he didn't keep it."

"The whole includes the part, you understand. He gave her the ring; she gave him back herself."

"And—yet he lost her," murmured Theodora.

"Yes, he lost her."

"And I suppose for all their love, there were tears now and then," she suggested.

"Ah, well—"

"So that your Talisman was of very little effect," said Theodora.

"Perhaps," I urged, "the translation was not literal; but anyhow, you need not be afraid to accept it."

"It isn't that I am afraid," she exclaimed; but still she held out her right hand once more, and the ring was in her fingers.

"You are not going to give it back to me," I expostulated.

"Why, yes," she returned, and I felt compelled to take it in my hand. For a few moments I stood gazing at it, a little foolishly perhaps, then I looked into her face.

"The tears should be as few as I could make them, Theo," I said.

"O, I know, I know," she faltered.

"Don't you think you can change your mind?" I urged, and she met my eyes with an expression half perplexed, half indignant. In her own there were still traces of tears; some sensitive chord had, perhaps, been touched, of which I had no perception.

"Change my mind?" she cried.

"Let me give and keep—"

"I thought you would like to put it on," said Theodora, and as I took her left hand and pushed the ring over her third finger, it seemed that the Talisman began to take effect at once, for her tears dried like April rain, and no sunshine was ever brighter than her smile. But Theodora insists that her Talisman is something different altogether.—Detroit Free Press.

DOES NOT LIKE TOURISTS.

Missouri Editor Vents His Opinion of Wanderers on Earth's Surface.

Since his recent visit to Havana, Cuba, where he dined with men from every part of the world, Bob White, of the Mexico (Mo.) Ledger, seems to have taken antipathy to tourists as a class. In a recent issue of his paper he says: "The party was not a large one, either—the world isn't very large, after all. Mr. White 'roasts' the tourists, and especially the Americans, who are now 'doing' Havana by thousands. 'A regrettable feature of the tourist,' he writes, 'is the absolute lack of consideration found among many of them—their ruthlessness and disregard of the privacy of homes, sacred edifices, or wherever else their bent takes them. They enter the grand old churches during sacred service, when the congregations are devoutly and silently following the impressive services. They explore all parts of the building, talking in loud tones, crossing and recrossing, sometimes with their hats on, between the kneeling congregation and the altar, snapping their kodaks at whatever objects attract them most."

"With what disgust must the people here regard such demonstrations—what contempt must they feel toward this class. At the present amazing progress of this grossness, hoggliness, we could well say, we may soon hear

MAKES ONE'S HEAD WHIRL.

People Frequently Meet Death as a Result of Height Dizziness.

The theory that fatal "height dizziness" might explain the leap of Mr. Openhym from High Bridge has some claim for consideration. In one form or another this nervous condition is manifested in a goodly number of individuals and in exaggerated instances is accompanied with an almost uncontrollable impulse to jump into space. So strong is this disposition in some persons that they have a settled aversion for high places and purposely avoid mountains, steeples, bridges and balloons. The apparent helplessness of the situation, the horror of a possible misstep or loss of balance, and, worst of all, an overwhelming sense of general fear, dominate the feeling of self-control, and the victim becomes the veriest coward when otherwise he is perfectly safe from accident.

By medical authorities this fear, when carried to an extreme, is considered as a distinctly mental disease, and is akin to the nervousness which sometimes seizes people in open places and to the imaginary danger of being poisoned or murdered. For the same reason others cannot endure a crowded or closed room, have unaccountable prejudices against certain places, must count houses, signs and persons, avoid cracks in the sidewalk or make themselves generally miserable in the simple of accidental disease contamination.

All these are different forms of neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion, and must be combated in their inception, else the individual becomes in the end more or less of a mental wreck. The force of will may effect much toward a cure, but its exercise can hardly be trusted at first in high and dangerous situations. Especially is this the case when the individual is alone and feels that his only reliance for safety is in himself. The shock of the fright may then be overwhelming, amounting to temporary insanity and an uncontrollable suicidal impulse. In the absence of reasonable motive for self-destruction such qualifying conditions of action must always be taken into account.

MRS. RUTHERFORD IS NOW THE WIFE OF WM. K. VANDERBILT.

She was Mrs. Lewis M. Rutherford, and was married to Mr. Vanderbilt at London. She is about 35 years old and has lived abroad for many years. She was married in 1890 to Mr. Rutherford in London. She was then the widow of Samuel S. Sands, Jr., a wealthy New Yorker. Before her first marriage she was Miss Anna H. Harriman. Mr. Sands was killed while riding to hounds in the Meadowbrook hunt, and soon his widow went abroad to live.



MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.

Her second husband was a member of the old New Jersey and New York family of Rutherfords. Mrs. Vanderbilt has two children by her marriage to Mr. Sands. Her marriage to Mr. Rutherford took place thirteen months after the death of her first husband. She is a perfect blonde, with an oval face, regular features, bright blue eyes and light golden hair. Mrs. Vanderbilt recently inherited a large fortune by the death of her mother, William K. Vanderbilt was born in 1849. His wealth is between \$80,000,000 and \$90,000,000.

Her Last Words.

"Yes," said the sad-eyed waiter, "she has gone away. I don't think anybody will miss her much more than I do. She had the sweetest voice I ever heard—and it never sounded sweeter than it did the last time she addressed me."

He paused and the head waiter eyed him sympathetically.

"What did she say?" he inquired.

"She said, 'Keep the change.'"
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Janitor.

"And you won't rent the rooms to us because we have a child?"
"Sorry, ma'am, but we can't admit children into this apartment house."

"You seem to have forgotten that you were once a child yourself."

"Yes, but that was before the day of apartment houses, ma'am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Figures About Potatoes.

For every 10,000 inhabitants of Germany 100 acres of potatoes are planted, as against 112 acres in Austria, 36 acres in France, 35 acres in the United States and 31 acres in Great Britain and Ireland.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1903.

If the strikers win at Cypress Lawn Cemetery, will the union grave diggers refuse to dig graves for the dead who are without the union label?

The Board of Supervisors has passed the Cemetery Ordinance. Under its provisions the county will realize a revenue from burial permits. Now let the honorable Board pass an ordinance requiring hackmen to pay a yearly license and another considerable revenue will find its way into the county treasury.

CHURCHES OF MEXICO.

They Are Great Curiosities From an Architectural Standpoint.

From an architectural standpoint the churches of Mexico are the most wonderful churches in the world. Architects from all over the world have been astonished and puzzled by the structures in stone. There are great arches and domes composed entirely of small pieces of stone cemented together. According to all the rules of construction, these arches and domes could not have been built in the first place, and in the second would not hold together for a minute, yet they are there and are as solid as though built of steel.

It remained for an assayer from Denver who had settled in northern Mexico to solve the mystery. He cultivated the friendship of a priest and persuaded him to aid in his investigations. Together they went through the dusty records stored in the church vaults, which run back for two or three centuries, and there they found what appears to be a truthful and very plausible explanation of the wonderful feats of architecture.

It was recorded that when one tier of stone was laid about the base of the building earth was carried and heaped up to the level of the highest stones; another tier was then added and more earth piled up on each side of it. This process was repeated until the dome and arches were reached. Then the earth was rounded off to the desired shape and the stone cemented together on the surface of the ground. When sufficient time had elapsed for the mortar to set and become as hard as the stone itself, the workmen dug out the dirt from the church, and it was ready for the finishing touches.

Labor must have been cheap and plentiful in those days to perform such a stupendous task, and there is ample reason to believe that it was cheap and plentiful.—Washington Star.

PAINTING THE WORLD.

Indian Legend of the Way Spring Came Into Existence.

Once, long before there were men in the world, all the earth was covered with snow and ice.

White and frozen lay the rivers and the seas; white and frozen lay the plains. The mountains stood tall and dead, like ghosts in white gowns. There was no color except white in all the world except in the sky, and it was almost black. At night the stars looked through it like angry eyes.

Then God sent the spring down into the world—the spring with red lips and smiling yellow hair.

In his arms he bore sprays of apple blossoms and the first flowers—crocuses, azucenas and violets, red, pink, blue, purple, violet and yellow.

The first animal to greet the spring was the white rabbit. The spring dropped a red crocus on his head, and ever since then all white rabbits have red eyes.

Then the spring dropped a blue violet on a white bird, the first bird to greet the spring, and that is the way the bluebird was made. Ever since then it is the first bird to arrive when the spring comes down from heaven.

So the spring went through the world. Wherever he tossed the leaves from his fragrant burden the earth became green. He tossed the blossoms on the frozen seas, and the ice melted, and the fish became painted with all the tint of his flowers. That is the way the trout and the minnows and the salmon became gaudy.

Only the high mountains would not bow to the spring. So their summits remain white and dead, for they would let the spring paint only the skies.

The snow owls and the white geese and the polar bears died from the spring, so they, too, remain white to this day.

In the tropical northern territory or South Australia travelers need not carry a compass. Nature has provided a living compass for them. The district abounds with the nests of the magnetic or meridian ant. The longer axis of these nests or mounds is always in a perfect line with the parallel of latitude pointing due north and south. Scientists cannot explain this peculiar orientation.

Topics of the Times

But 2½ per cent of the people of Bulgaria are Moslems.

Andrew Carnegie's benefactions now aggregate \$67,212,923.

Half the people living in New York move one or more times a year.

Chronometers now record the millionth part of a second of time.

The first bicycle factory in Japan is about to start with large capital.

Desiccated, shredded and sliced potatoes are staple foods in Germany.

The Czar of Russia commands the greatest armed force in the world.

The memory, it has been decided, is stronger in summer than in winter.

North Carolina and Mississippi have State schools for the study of textile fabrics.

The only sightless salamanders ever seen were thrown from an artesian well in Texas.

The population of Ireland, which fifty years ago was over 8,000,000, is now less than 4,500,000.

Incandescent bulbs are supplied to Spain at 6 cents each, delivered by German manufacturers.

Pepito Arriola, a Spanish lad of 6, is the latest piano prodigy. He has just played for Emperor William.

There is a platinum famine, and industry demands loudly the discovery of new deposits of the precious metal.

The Cossack is a peculiarly prominent feature in the Russian military organization. They give their military services for fifteen years, in return for which they pay no taxes.

Every year nearly 1,000,000 Russians become liable for service, but of these only 270,000 enter the active army, the remainder being passed direct into the militia for twenty-two years.

George G. Rockwood, of New York, has just passed half a century as a photographer. He has made portraits of many prominent men and has posed every President since Van Buren.

In the matter of equipment the Russian army is up to date in every particular. It has a special balloon department, cyclist corps—even dogs are pressed into the service of the great white czar.

The possession of an automobile multiplies the contents and sphere of a man's life by more than six if he previously kept a horse, and by much more if he did not. This is the estimate of the English editor of World's Work.

After studying and photographing more than 40,000 pair of ears of persons, including those of 2,000 insane and 800 criminals, and those of 300 animals, an English criminologist is forced to conclude that the ear gives us no clue to personal traits.

Everybody knows that Admiral Dewey is as fine a sailor as ever paced the weather plank, but not many are aware that the hero of Manila is also a clever whip. The admiral owns a pair of the most spirited horses in Washington and he handles them with the skill of a veteran stage driver.

The St. Petersburg Messenger of Trade and Industry boasts that the characteristic feature of last year was the almost total suspension of the import of chemical products and the very perceptible decrease in their price due to the growth of competition and improvements in Russian manufacture.

The oldest Greek papyrus which Dr. Borchardt has discovered in Egypt dates well back in the fourth century B. C.; that is, Alexander the Great was still living when it was written, and the great Alexandrian library had not yet been founded. It is, therefore, by a long time, the oldest Greek book in the world.

There are in New York three life insurance institutions, two of them mutual associations and one an incorporated organization, whose financial operations practically match those of the United States Treasury. They possess resources in the way of cash or quick assets almost equal to those upon which the Secretary of the Treasury may rely.

The average life of a locomotive on the railways of England is twenty-six years, and on those of France twenty-nine years. In the United States the life of an engine is but eighteen years, not because the good die young, but because it has run in eighteen years about 2,000,000 miles, a distance the English locomotive would be given thirty-six years to cover.

Society women in New Orleans have begun a movement to have the street railway company put on palace cars for their convenience and comfort. They say they cannot ride in the present cars when they are in afternoon or evening dress, as the cars are dirty and there is no telling who their seat-mate may be. They do not mind paying extra fares for the use of exclusive cars.

The Period of Danger.
During the recent trial of a suit to collect a medical fee a witness was put on the stand to prove the correctness of the physician's bill.

The man was asked by counsel for the defense whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger.

"No," was the reply. "I consider the patient in danger so long as the doctor continued his visits."

Advice is a useless thing; a wise man does not want it and a fool will not take it.



The following will be found a good way of making trays for developing, fixing, washing, etc. Make a wooden tray by screwing together one-half inch planed deal; then lay down with marine glue, inside the tray, white marble oilcloth. Put the cloth on in one piece, turning the edges over the inside of the tray, and tack them down. One thing which is greatly in favor of this tray is little weight for a large-sized dish; this is a great help, as it enables you to hold the tray and keep the developer in motion. The writer has had in constant use a tray made as above for the full-sized sheet for over two years, and it is as good to-day as when made. Do not cut the cloth at the corners, but turn the stuff in, and fasten with the marine glue. Should there be any cracks in the oil coating, rub in some of the glue, and you will have no further trouble. I have also used one of these trays for fixing, and have not noticed any injury to cloth. In this way I have made good trays out of old herring boxes and used them constantly for years.

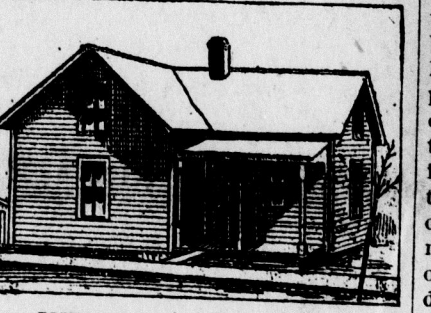
A JOHN BROWN RELIC.

Partial Destruction of the Great Abolitionist's Home.

The recent partial destruction by fire of John Brown's home at Tabor, Iowa, serves to recall the exciting period when the noted abolition leader made the little one-story cottage in Iowa the headquarters of the "underground railway" for the transfer of slaves from the South to Canada.

In 1857 this little house was the center of perhaps more attention than the national capital itself. Brown was being heard from. Already were gathering around him men from Massachusetts and Maine and other New England States. Already had shipments of arms, and even a cannon, been received at Tabor. And hundreds of runaway slaves had passed through the town, coming at night and leaving the following night. And the eyes of those men, who four years later became the leaders of the secession movement, were also fastened on this little house. Northern politicians were regarding anxiously the preparations "Old" Brown was making. The Kansas "Jayhawkers" hated him bitterly, and several contemplated raids on the place were narrowly averted.

But through it all Brown and his friends continued their work, and it



JOHN BROWN'S IOWA HOME.

was while residing in Tabor that Brown decided upon the move which he hoped would set the country ablaze, but which ended in his own death.

It is told by one of the old settlers that one night there marched into the little town of Tabor, 200 recruits for Brown. They came from Maine, were all well armed, and were en route to help the free cause in Kansas. Accompanying the body was a single wagon loaded with corn. The party stopped in Tabor several weeks, and were drilled and instructed by old Brown himself. Two weeks after the party arrived, a company of runaway slaves arrived from Missouri. The following day the owner of several of them arrived. With him was the sheriff of his county, and several deputies. They demanded the slaves. Brown refused to deliver them. The sheriff attempted to take them by force. Brown gave a shrill whistle and the Maine men swarmed from all directions. The officers were overpowered and robbed of their arms. They left, vowing to return with re-enforcements and capture the whole body. Then the corn was thrown out of the wagon and from beneath the grain was brought a small cannon, which was quickly mounted and placed in a position commanding the road by which the Missourians would return.

But the slave-owners never came back and the cannon was taken down into Kansas with the men from Maine.

GUARD FOR TROLLEY WIRE.

Overhead Lines Are Protected According to Law in England.

Guard wires are required wherever telegraph or telephone wires unprotected with a permanent insulating cover cross above or are liable to fall upon or be blown on to the electric conductors of a tramway. Each guard wire should be well grounded at one point at least and at intervals of not more than five spans. The earth connection should be made by connecting the wire through the support to the rails by means of a copper bond. Guard wires should in general be of galvanized steel, but may be of bronze or hard drawn copper in districts where steel is liable to excessive corrosion. In general these wires must be installed at a minimum height of twenty-four inches above the trolley wire. Where there is but one trolley wire parallel to this—one on each side at a horizontal distance of eight inches from the trolley wire—are necessary. If there are two trolley wires not more than twelve feet apart, but the telegraph wires do not weigh more than

100 pounds per mile, two guard wires are sufficient, stretched a minimum distance of twenty-four inches above the former and the outside at a horizontal distance of eight inches from the trolley wires.

If the telegraph wires weigh 100 pounds or more per mile this latter arrangement is sufficient if the trolley wires are not more than fifteen inches apart. Where the trolley wires are separated by a distance of from fifteen to forty-eight inches three wires are required parallel to the trolley—two on the outside, a horizontal distance of eight inches, and the other midway between the two trolleys, all at a minimum distance of twenty-four inches above the trolley wire. If the distance between the wires is over forty-eight inches and the telegraph wires weigh more than 100 pounds per mile two guard wires are required for each trolley wire, as for a single wire. Guard wires are also required where telegraph wires do not cross the trolley wire, but are apt to be blown against it. Where a telegraph wire may fall upon an arm or span wire and so slide down on a trolley wire guard hooks must be provided.—New York Evening Post.

Pictures as an Aid in Teaching.

Three hundred years ago a German savant had a wonderful vision. At that time children were taught to read by force of arms, so to speak, through hardships and with bitter toil on the part of teacher and of child. It seems curious, says a writer in Household, that the first real step toward lightening the labor of children as they climb the ladder of learning was the product of the imagination, not of some fond mother or gentle woman teacher, but of a bewigged and bedighted university doctor. It was Johann Comenius, however, who first conceived the daring idea that children could be taught by the aid of memory and the imagination working together. "By means," as he quaintly expressed it, "of sensuous impressions conveyed to the eye, so that visual objects may be made the medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind and of impressing those lessons upon the memory." In other words, the good Herr Doctor had the bright idea that picture books could be useful to children. Comenius made his first picture book and called it "Orbis Pictus." It contains rude wood cuts representing objects in the natural world, trees and animals, with little lessons about the pictures.

It is a quaint volume, and one that would cause the average modern child not a little astonishment were it placed before him. As truly, however, as that term may be applied to any other book that has since been written, the "Orbis Pictus" was an epoch-making book. It was the precursor of all children's picture books, and modern childhood has great cause to bless the name of Comenius.

The Comma.

The Countess Henriette de Witt, the daughter of Guizot, the historian, was a charming lady; but she had a culpable indifference to the art of punctuation. Her father wrote her two pretty little essays on the subject. Whether she was able to take the "middle course," after her second lecture, we are not told; but at least she had not found it before.

"My dear Henriette," wrote Guizot, "I am afraid I shall still have to take you to task with regard to your punctuation. There is little or none of it in your letters. All punctuation marks a period of repose for the mind, a stage more or less long, an idea which is done with, or momentarily suspended, and which is divided by such a sign from the next."

"You, Henriette, suppress those periods, those intervals. You write as the stream flows, as the arrow flies. That will not do at all; because the ideas one expresses are not all intimately connected, like drops of water."

Either Mademoiselle Guizot was taking a clever revenge, or she was past all redemption, for this is her father's next letter:

"I dare say you will find me very provoking; but let me beg of you not to fling so many commas at my head. You are absolutely pelting me with them, as the Sabines pelted poor Tarpeia with their bucklers."

It is the unmarried young thing who talks about the gray monotony of life, but it is the married one who knows what it is.

THE AVERAGE BRAIN.

What It Weighs and the Number of Cells It Contains.

Whether it be the brain cell of a glowworm or one trembling with the harmonies of "Tristan und Isolde" the stuff it is made of is much the same. It is a difference of structure apparently rather than of material. And the chemical difference between a brain or nerve cell and that of the muscles or the skin seems reducible mainly to a difference in the proportion of two substances—water and phosphorus. Lean beef, for example, is from 70 to 80 per cent water; the brain is from 90 to 95 per cent water. And a brain or nerve cell may contain from five to ten times as much phosphorus as, let us say, the cells of the liver or the heart. The actual quantity is of course extremely small—by weight but a fraction of 1 per cent.

About three pounds avoirdupois of this very complex phosphorized stuff make up an average human brain. There is a lot more of it distributed down one's spinal column, and little plexuses all over the body wherever a group of muscles are to be moved, and others still, the sensory or feeling nerves, which are everywhere. It is hard to find a cubical half inch outside the bones where they are not.

All told, the nervous substance, which for the sake of making its functions clear I have called the matter which thinks, forms a not inconsiderable portion of the body outside of the bony skeleton. It is made up of distinct and separated units, for the most part extremely minute, though some attain a length of two or three feet. These units, for lack of a more misleading name, are called cells. The "cells" which run from the small of your back down into your legs and wiggle the

same or inform you when a member of the family is stricken, are the longest. Those of the brain are mostly so small as to tax the powers of the microscope. Their average length would be measured in thousandths of an inch. There have been many attempts to get at their actual number. It is certainly large. Computations for the brain alone range from 600,000,000 upward. One, due, I think, to Waldeyer, sets the total number of brain cells (average) at 1,000,000,000,000. This would mean a brain population exceeding the known population of the earth.—Carl Snyder in Harper's Magazine.

A Stork Story.

A Warsaw journal relates the following story of an experiment made by a Polish nobleman to ascertain how far storks migrate during the winter. He caught a stork and attached a plate to its neck on which were inscribed the words, "Hæc ciconia ex Polonia" ("This stork comes from Poland"). In the following spring the same stork was found in the nobleman's park with a bundle around its neck containing several precious stones of great value and the metal plate, with these words on the other side, "India cum donis remittit Polonis" ("India sends him back with presents to the Poles").

Bishops do not often figure in the modern novel. When they do appear it is for the purpose of supplying "comic relief." Deans escape fairly lightly; the dean of fiction has no worse vice than a "scholarly stoop" and an inveterate fondness for gossip. On the other hand, the archdeacon—in novels—is rubicund, fussy and self important. While the rector may be a hearty sort of idiot, with a bluff and breezy manner, if you want a real clerical villain he is invariably a vicar.—Treasury.

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TOWN NEWS

"Never say die."
"Don't give up the ship."
Very little sickness in town.
Courage with confidence will conquer.

Mrs. Rogers' store is open for business.
B. S. Greene of Colma was in town Tuesday.
The Exchange Hotel opened on Monday.
Prof. Savage of Colma was in town Thursday.
Good opening in this town for a merchant tailor.
The strike continues at Cypress Lawn cemetery.
W. F. Bailey is painting Plymire cottage number two.
Mrs. J. J. Nessler of San Francisco visited here Saturday.
Mrs. W. J. Martin is, we are pleased to learn, improving.
Pay for your home paper and see how good you will feel.
Pete Gillogley of San Pedro valley was a visitor here Monday.
Public school closed on Friday for the long summer vacation.
More men commit suicide with a corkscrew than with a pistol.
Henry Michenfelder attended to local business here Wednesday.
The carpenters have finished work on Plymire cottage number two.
Under Sheriff Butts was in town Wednesday on official business.
County Clerk J. F. Johnston was in town Monday calling on friends.
There will be room at the top so long as so many prefer the crowd.
Mr. D. O. Dagget is having his residence on Miller avenue repainted.
M. Foley is having a severe struggle with rheumatism the past week.
Ice cream will be served at Mrs. Rogers' ice cream parlor every Sunday.
Chas. Hedlund has purchased a new delivery wagon for his butcher business.
One birth and one death the past week. There should have been a wedding.
Mr. Day of the San Mateo Times paid the Enterprise a pleasant call on Monday last.
Mrs. J. Huber returned home Monday after spending two weeks at St. Helena, Cal.
Born—At San Bruno, June 8th, to the wife of Wm. Ward, (nee Emma Broder) a son.
Lee Rice returned Friday after a two weeks' trip through the southern part of the state.
M. M. Ogden, president of the Pacific Jupiter Steel Co., spent Monday at the steel works.
Miss Kate McGrath of San Francisco, and a property owner here, was a visitor Wednesday.
Mrs. Ethel Joseph of Monterey is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Kofod of this place.
The Jupiter Steel Company received several carloads of structural iron and building material the past week.
Fred Roussel returned last week after a long absence. Fred put in some time while away at Fort Worth, Texas.
Saturday was the hottest day of the season for South San Francisco, the thermometer reaching 101 degrees in the shade.
Quite a number of the local folks attended the ball given by the Military Social Club at San Bruno Saturday evening.
The Spring Valley Water Company has commenced work near Burlingame on improvements to the company's water mains.
Mr. Welch will open his exchange hotel this evening. The hotel has been elegantly furnished, and will be run as a first-class hotel.
Dr. McGovern and J. L. Debenedetti of this place and Prof. Savage of Colma spent a couple of days on the coast side last week.
At half-past 5 o'clock Wednesday morning this quiet burg experienced a lively shaking up in the way of a small-sized earthquake.
The Spring Valley Water Company has commenced work upon a new 48-inch water main from Burlingame to the pump-house near Millbrae.
Dr. J. C. McGovern, for the convenience of his patrons, will make regular visits every Sunday, beginning June 21st.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

The morning train due here at 9:06 that went into effect June 1st, was taken off last Monday, leaving the 9:39 the only train going towards San Francisco in the morning after 7:25.
Paul and John Krueger of Chicago arrived here last Friday and are the guests of Mr. Kock, manager of the Armour Hotel. The boys intend to remain here until the latter part of the month.
Manuel Empena and family moved to Oakland Saturday. Mr. Empena has been employed in the different factories here for the past five years and has now accepted a position in one of the Oakland potteries.
J. L. Debenedetti, one of South San Francisco's solid business men, drove over from that town Thursday and is the guest of his father, Supervisor Debenedetti.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

Frank Bastien's team ran away on Grand avenue Tuesday—afternoon. Horse and wagon dashed down Grand Ave. and ran directly over Mell Cohen's little daughter but fortunately she suffered no serious injury.
Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Born—In this town, June 8th, to the wife of Julius Eikerkotter, a daughter. Our genial Supervisor, when asked on the 9th about the situation, replied: "It is in statu quo," and added, in explanation, "the latest arrival makes three—all girls—and that suits the daddy."

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Dr. J. C. McGovern, of South San Francisco, was among the visitors here taking in Chamorita. Doc believes in keeping up his practice, and to keep his hand in and having nothing better to work on, tried his skill in sawing and taking out bones in Daneri's butcher shop.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

W. J. McEwen, Vitaopathist.
Do you suffer from any ailments? TRY VITAOPATHY.
It has helped others it will help you!
Hours: 7 to 9 p. m. Sundays by appointment.

The school election held on Friday of last week was a lively affair. Thos. Mason for one year had no opposition and received 103 votes. The three years' term was contested by C. S. Duer and J. P. Todd, Duer receiving 108 votes and Todd 54 votes. The total number of votes polled was 114.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Daggett, well-known residents of this place, attended the State of Maine reunion at Shellmound Park last Saturday. Both report having a splendid time in spite of the hot weather. Many friends and acquaintances of yore were met and many interesting incidents were discussed.

Some ten days ago Geo. Drissea, an employe of the Fuller Paint Works, in attempting to move a large cask, sprained his back. The accident was of such a serious nature that Mr. Drissea was at once compelled to take to his bed, where he has been confined ever since, though we are glad to say he is at present improving.

Luther Jenkins, employed by the South San Francisco Quarry Co., had the fore arm of his right hand quite badly mashed Monday morning while attending to his duties at that place. The arm was caught between a crate of rock and the shaft. Dr. Plymire says the young man will not lose the injured limb, though it will be some time before he can make use of it again.

DEATH OF RUDOLPH GOLLNIK.
Another citizen of this little town has joined the silent majority.
Rudolph Gollnik came to this town some years ago a young and strong man. In the course of time he engaged in the butchering business and built up a good trade. About two years ago he married and built a house and established a home here. His health began to fail last fall and his illness developed into Bright's disease. He died at the German Hospital in San Francisco on Tuesday, June 9, 1903, after much suffering. He leaves a wife and infant child.
The funeral took place on Thursday, June 11th, at 2 o'clock p. m., from Butchers' Hall, Interment Italian Cemetery.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.
The members of San Mateo Lodge No. 7, J. B. P. and B. Association, hereby tender to Mrs. Rudolph Gollnik and family our heartfelt sympathy for the loss of a dear husband and a noble brother in the person of Rudolph Gollnik. Realizing that mere words of sympathy avail little we commend you to the care of our Heavenly Father, "who doeth all things well."
Resolved, That this resolution be entered in full upon the minutes of our Lodge, and a copy sent to Mrs. Gollnik and the Enterprise for publication. San Mateo Lodge No. 7.

LOW RATES EAST AND BACK.
Southern Pacific sells tickets via its various routes to Chicago, St. Paul, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, New Orleans, Memphis and many other points at one fare for the round trip, June 4th and 5th, June 24th and 30th inclusive, July 15th and 16th, and August 25th and 26th. See B. A. Peckham, agent depot, or write Division Agent Shoup, 16 South First street, San Jose. Tickets good ninety days with stop-overs.

FOR SALE.
Store and stock of fruit, confectionery, notions, cigars and tobacco. Cheap for cash. JOHN VUEJTECH.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.
A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.
Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.
A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed, for their accommodation.
An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.
Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.
Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.
Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.
An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FOR SALE.
The Linden Hotel with all its furniture, bar room and business is for sale. Price and terms will be named upon application to the owner at the hotel.

REWARD!!!
The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.
It Will Be Enforced.
The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The June water rate must be paid on or before the last day of June. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of July and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

Ventilation in the Hat.
"Some customers have nonsensical notions about the proper way to ventilate a hat," said a fashionable hatter. "In fact, they are so whimsical about it that we make the hats without a ventilator and try to suit the wishes of the customer after he has handed his money to the salesman. Many customers will not have a hat ventilated at all. Well, they miss a great deal of comfort and take long chances for baldness in old age. The English style, and the only one that some buyers will adopt, is a ring of perforated holes in the crown of the hat. In my opinion it is just as well to have no ventilator at all as to put it there. The best way is to have two holes, one on each side of the hat, just above the band. Then you get good circulation all the time. There are ways of punching the holes artistically so that they do not detract from the appearance of the hat. But you would be surprised at the number of men who will not have them, some because it is not fashionable and others because they think the hat will not wear so well."—New York Times.

A Famous Pudding.
There is no other pudding on earth to which so much honor is paid as the huge beefsteak pudding served up daily at the most famous tavern in London, Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet street.
This pudding has been served up every day without break for nearly 200 years. Garrick, Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson used to enjoy it. Every great writer in England makes a point of eating it today. It is inseparably associated with English literature.
Every evening after the pudding is cooked there is a solemn procession. The proprietor of the tavern, bearing the pudding on a big dish, goes first, followed by the cooks, the waiters and the entire staff. They bear the pudding all around the tavern, the customers doing homage to it. Then and not till then it may be cut up and eaten.

Why Gold Is Rare.
Why is gold so rare? Simply because it is heavy. There are only two metals that are heavier—namely, platinum and iridium. Remember that at the beginning the earth was a body of gas. By gradual condensation it became liquid, while now the whole of its mass save only an outer crust much thinner in proportion to the whole bulk than is the shell of an egg would be a fluid but for the fact that it is held together by tremendous pressure. Naturally in the course of its formation about a center of attraction the weightier particles composing the globe gathered about that center. Accordingly we find that the earth as a whole weighs five times as much as water, while the rocks forming the crust are only about two and a half times as heavy as water.

The Four Lettered Name of God.
Is it not passingly singular at least that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in almost every known language? In Latin it is Deus; Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Egyptian, Aum or Zent; East Indian, Esq or Zenl; Japanese, Addi; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Wallachian, Zene; Croatian, Bogat; Dalmatian, Rogt; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Etrurian, Chur; Margarian, Oese; Swedish, Codd; Irish, Dieh; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Peruvian, Lian.

An ingenious and successful trick was played at a London flat in broad daylight. A gentleman rang the bell at 3 o'clock and inquired whether Mr. Grey was at home. "No, sir," said the janitor. "He rarely if ever comes back from the temple before 5 o'clock." "That is strange," returned the other, "since I know he has an appointment here with a Mr. Johnson at 4 o'clock." Then he went his way.
At 4 o'clock to the minute Mr. Johnson called and, giving his name, was of course allowed to wait in Mr. Grey's apartments, which he denuded of everything of "portable value" in ten minutes and then walked out, observing as he passed the porter that he could wait no longer.

Several carefully observed cases of falling hair from emotion have been recorded, but the following is probably one of the most curious: A normally healthy farmer, thirty-eight years of age, saw his child thrown out of a cart and trampled upon by a mule. He supposed it killed and experienced in his fright and tension a sensation of chilliness and tension in the head and face. The child escaped with a few bruises, but the father's hair, beard and eyebrows commenced to drop out the next day, and by the end of the week he was entirely bald. A new growth of hair appeared in time, but much later.—London Answers.

EVERY one of our readers is entitled to compete for the ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in cash prizes offered by Farm and Home for correct sets of answers to the following question.
Cut out this coupon from The Enterprise, South San Francisco, California, fill in all the blanks, and mail or hand it to The Enterprise, South San Francisco, Cal.

1. Should congress give money for good roads? Answer yes or no.
2. Should a parcels post be established to carry merchandise at very much less than present rates? Answer yes or no.
3. Should government provide a postal fractional currency for use in the mails? Answer yes or no.
4. Should the tariff be revised? Answer yes or no.
5. Should trusts be regulated or suppressed? Answer with the word "regulated" or the word "suppressed".
6. Who should be the republican candidate for president in 1904?
7. Who should be the democratic candidate for president in 1904?
8. Name any other political party that should make a nomination for the presidency, and the man it should put up.

Sent by.....
Postoffice.....
State.....Occupation.....
Date and hour of mailing or handing in this coupon.....
(The time given must conform to postmark or to time stamped hereon at this office when handed in.)

RULES
Anyone of voting age, or who will be such next year is entitled to one vote.
There are no fees, no conditions of any kind. Simply answer all or any of the questions, as you please, sign your name, address and occupation.
The correct set of answers will be that in which each of the replies is the one that receives a majority of all the votes cast.
First prize, \$250.00 will be awarded to the set of answers earliest mailed or handed in that proves to be correct, judged by this standard. Second prize, \$100.00 for next best set of answers, and so on.
All replies must be sent in by August 1 at latest. The prize award will appear in Farm and Home as soon thereafter as possible. It offers the following

CASH PRIZES
Grand Prize.....\$250.00
Second Prize.....100.00
Third Prize.....50.00
Four of \$25 each.....200.00
Twenty of \$10 each.....200.00
Fifty of \$5 each.....250.00
197 Prizes in all.....\$1,000.00

MARKET REPORT.
CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are more plentiful and selling at easier prices.
SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.
HOGS—Hogs are in demand, but at much lower prices.
PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), as follows and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8½¢@9¢; 2d quality, 8¢@8½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7¢@7½¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6¢@6½¢; Thin Cows, 4¢@6¢.
HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 140 to 250 lbs., 6¢@6½¢; over 250 to 300 lbs., 5½¢@6¢; rough, heavy hogs, 4½¢@5¢; hogs weighing under 140 lbs., 5½¢@6¢.
SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4½¢@4¾¢; Ewes, 4¢@4½¢; Spring Lambs, 4½¢@5¢; short Sheep, 3¢@3½¢.
CALVES—Under 250 lbs., alive, gross weight, 5½¢@6¢; over 250 lbs., 4½¢@4¾¢.
FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.
BEEF—First quality steers, 7½¢@7¾¢; second quality, 7¢; first quality cows and heifers, 6½¢@7¢; second quality, 6¢@6½¢; third quality, 5½¢@6¢.
LARGE—Large, 7½¢@8¢; medium, 8½¢@9¢; small, good, 9½¢@10¢; common, 6¢@7¢.
MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 8½¢@9¢; light, 9¢@9½¢; Heavy Ewes, 8¢@8½¢; Light Ewes, 8½¢@9¢; Suckling Lambs No. 1, 9¢@10¢.
DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9¢@9½¢.
PROVISIONS—Hams, 13½¢@15¢; picnic hams, 9¢@10¢; Atlanta ham, 11¢.
BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 18¢; light S. C. bacon, 17¢; med. bacon, clear, 12¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12½¢; clear, light bacon, 14¢; clear ex. light bacon, 15¢.
BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$13.50; do, hf-bbl, \$7.00; Family Beef, bbl, \$13.50; do, hf-bbl, \$7.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13.50; do, hf-bbl, \$7.00.
PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12¢; do, light, 12¢; do, Bellies, 12½¢; Extra Clear, bbls., \$22.00; hf-bbls., \$11.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$5.00; do, kits, 10¢.
LARD—Prices are as follows:
Tes. ¾-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.
Compound 8 11½ 11¼ 11¼ 11¼
Cal. pure 11 11¼ 11¼ 11¼ 11¼
In 3-lb tins the price on each is ¼¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.
CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s. 8. 1s 1.35; Roast Beef, 2s 2.35; 1s, 1.35.

DEBENEDETTI

& MONTEVALDO

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Staple and Fancy Groceries
Hardware, Paints and Oils
Crockery, Glassware, Agate-ware, Etc. x x x
Gents' Furnishing Goods
Boots and Shoes x x
Hay, Grain, Wood and Coal

DEALERS IN.

READ OUR LOCALS

Walter F. Bailey

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In all its Branches.
104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.
Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

SIERRA POINT HOUSE

First-Class Family Resort
SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL GROVE ON FAMOUS SAN BRUNO ROAD.
Only the Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars Served.
Table First Class.
Family Parties and Picnics a Specialty.
JOS. McNAMARA, Prop.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—
THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.
For the Celebrated Beers of the
Wieland, Fredericksburg,
United States, Chicago,
Willows and
South San Francisco
BREWERIES
—AND—
THE UNION ICE CO.
Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco. Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords. Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality. Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.
W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

Dr. J. C. McGovern

Dentist

OFFICE: 1170 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
Hours: 9 to 12 A. M. 1 to 5 P. M.
Telephone Folsom 3532
At Residence, South San Francisco, by appointment evenings.

San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.

Assets, - - - \$175,000.00.
Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.
NO ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.
GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

South San Francisco PHARMACY

106 GRAND AVENUE (Merriam Block)
PURE DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES
Cosmetics for the Complexion and Hair.
Fancy Goods, Stationery, Candles, Cigars Etc. Prices reasonable.
Tackle your best One by purchasing a bottle of PERFUME or buy your mother a bottle of "Jerome's Hair Restorative" for Fifty Cents.
AYRES & COMPANY



BRADEN SHOES

First-Class Stock
BOOTS and SHOES,
Constantly on hand and for sale
Below City Prices.
All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.
P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.
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AYRES & COMPANY

HOW VEHICLES OBTAINED THEIR NAME--- OFTEN CALLED FOR THEIR ORIGINATORS.

MEN who in these days "hire a hack" never stop to inquire how the vehicle they engage to wheel them to their homes or to a depot got its name. It suffices to know that everybody else calls it a hack, and to them it is simply that and nothing more. The original hacks were termed hackney coaches because they were drawn by "hackneys," a name applied to easy-going, safe-pacing horses.

Coach is derived from the French *coche*, a diminutive form of the Latin *conchula*, a shell, in which shape the body of such conveyances was originally fashioned. Seldom, if ever, is the full term, "omnibus," applied to those heavy, lumbering vehicles found in so many large cities. With the characteristic brevity of English-speaking races the title has been changed to "bus."

These were first seen in Paris in 1827, and the original name of omnibus is derived from the fact that it first appeared on the sides of each conveyance, being nothing more than the Latin word signifying "for all."

Cab is an abbreviation of the Italian word *cabriolet*, which was changed to *cabriolet* in French. Both words have a common derivative—*cabriolet*—signifying a goat's leap. The exact reason for giving it this strange appellation is unknown, unless because of the lightness and springiness of the vehicle in its original form.

In some instances the names of special forms of carriages are derived from the titles of the persons who introduced them. The brougham was first used by the famous Lord Brougham, and William IV., who was originally the Duke of Clarence, gave the latter name to his favorite conveyance.

The popular hansom derives its name from its introducer, Mr. Hansen; and the tiliary, at one time a very fashionable two-wheeled vehicle, was called from a sporting gentleman of the same name.

Landau, a city in Germany, was the locality in which was first made the style of vehicle bearing that name.

Sulky, as applied to a wheeled conveyance, had its origin in the fact that when it first appeared the person who saw it considered that none but a sulky, selfish person would ride in such an affair, which afforded accommodation to but one individual. The strange title was never changed.

Coupe is French in origin, being derived from the verb *couper* (cooper), to cut. This was considered an appropriate designation because it greatly resembled a coach with the front part cut off.

The old-fashioned gig was given that name from its peculiar jumping and rocking motion, the word being from the French *gigue*, signifying jig, or a lively dance.

COULD WE SUBSIST ON ENGLISH SPARROWS FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME IN CASE OF FAMINE?

IN his usual habit the English sparrow, as we call him, or house sparrow, as we ought to call him, elects to stay close to human habitations. Yet the fact that he has spread over almost the whole country seems to prove that he migrates, for how otherwise could he have extended his field from this town, where he was introduced by Col. Proctor back in the 60s, to California, Canada and Florida? A hunter who was traveling through the Maine woods last summer came upon a lonely house in the middle of the great wilderness that still covers the northern half of the state. It was sixty miles to the nearest settlement, and that was not much of a settlement, either. Yet the first sound heard as he approached the place was the rasping chirp of a house sparrow. Now this little divvy, as we commonly regard him, must have crossed sixty miles of dense forest, and in all that distance he did not see one of the human beings of whose society he appears so fond. The hunter shot him on general principles.

This instance is not singular. There are in various parts of the country isolated hamlets, unconnected with the rest of the world by railroads, nor even with good roads. They are seldom visited; they do not advertise their presence by the smoke of industries; yet the sparrows find them out, and as you enter you hear the racket of hundreds of these little gray backs. They stay after they have come in too, and you hear less of the robins and orioles afterward. Yet, after all, we probably do not do an injustice to this bird. If we hear less of the song birds it is because the women wear them on their hats, and thereby persuade the gunners to destroy them. In some districts they have been wholly exterminated; in others they have been made shy and hasten away from the sight of men. The sparrow, on the contrary, is fearless; he has not been hunted for what a government official calls the "foliage," and he nests and roosts under our window ledges and over our doors. Probably we may as well resign ourselves to him, and, after all, he is better than no birds at all.

There is scarcely any meat at all on them, yet we hear of house sparrows served in Manhattan restaurants as quail, reed birds, almost any other thing that you like to call for. If this country should ever suffer from a famine—as it never will so long as we keep our schools open, for famines occur only where there is dirt, ignorance, laziness, intemperance and all that goes with illiteracy and a degraded condition of the populace—we shall have sparrows enough to eat for several weeks.—Brooklyn Eagle.

GOOD Short Stories

The late Augustus Hare was fond of relating an amusing incident which illustrated the absent-mindedness of his cousin, Dean Stanley, and Dr. Jowett. Both were quite devoid of either taste or smell, and for some reason both were inordinately fond of tea. One morning they had each drunk eight cups, when suddenly, as Jowett rose from his table, he exclaimed: "Good gracious! I forgot to put the tea in!" Neither had noticed the omission as they sipped their favorite beverage.

That the people of South Carolina had little regard for Theodore Parker, the anti-slavery leader, is evident from the experience a Boston merchant once had in Charleston. According to J. H. Trowbridge, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, an excited crowd gathered around the hotel register where he had written his name, observed him with suspicious whisperings. Thereupon the excited landlord stepped up to him and said, anxiously: "Your name is Parker?" "That is my name, sir," Theodore Parker, of Boston, the abolitionist? "Oh, no, no, sir! I am Theodore D. Parker, a very different man!" The landlord heaved a sigh of relief. "I am glad to hear it," he said; "and allow me to give you a bit of wholesome advice. When you are registering your name in Southern hotels, write the D very plain!"

Representative Julius Kahn, says that Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, once struck a progressive Western town, where he was to give a two nights' performance of "Rip Van Winkle." After the performance on the first night, he relates, "we went back to our hotel, and there we found waiting for our arrival the most prominent merchant of the town, a wholesale manufacturer of bedsprings. After a few preliminary expressions of his approval of the performance, the merchant declared that he was prepared to furnish bedsprings to Jefferson's entire family free of charge, provided the actor would make one little change in the lines of his role. His proposition for the change was extremely simple. All he asked was that after the line

where Rip exclaims: 'Oh, how my bones do ache,' Jefferson should add: 'But, ah, not thus would they have ached had I slept on B's bedsprings.' It was only a little change, and the merchant was surprised and indignant when his proposition was rejected."

P. T. Barnum and his wife were very fond of the gifted sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary, who often visited them at Bridgeport. To a friend the famous showman once remarked: "Alice was the more thoughtful, while Phoebe was always bubbling over with good spirits and wit. I never knew a brighter woman. One day I was taking her and some friends through my museum. At the head of the stairs was the cage containing 'The Happy Family,' which included owls, cats, mice, serpents and other creatures generally mortal enemies, but all living in perfect harmony, mainly because we kept them so stuffed with food that they had no temptation to prey upon one another. The cage stood directly at the head of the stairs, and just as we reached the top a big serpent stretched his head toward Phoebe. Forgetting the glass thickness that separated them, she was so startled that she uttered a scream, and would have fallen backward down the steps had I not caught her. Looking up to me she said: 'Thank you, Mr. Barnum; but remember that I am not the first woman that the serpent has caused to fall.'"

No Sympathy.
"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you know I never blame you for anything—that is not your own fault."

"But when the horse you bet on loses that isn't your fault, is it?"

"Charlie, dear, the winner was just as easy a horse to bet on as any other, wasn't it?"

"Why—er—yes."

"No one forced you to bet on some other horse."

"No."

"Then I can't see that you deserve any sympathy whatever."—Washington Star

Onions.
The onion contains one of the most powerful medical agents known. This is an oil, the sulphide of allyl. It is this oil that causes the eyes to fill with water as you cut the onion. When the onion is cooked, the greater part of this allyl is lost, but other compounds containing sulphur remain.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IMPROVE THE NEGRO'S CONDITION.



GROVER CLEVELAND
It is foolish for us to blind our eyes to the fact that more should be done to improve the condition of our negro population. And it should be entirely plain to all of us that the sooner this is undertaken the sooner will a serious duty be discharged and the more surely will we guard ourselves against future trouble and danger. If we are to be just and fair toward our colored fellow citizens, and if they are to be more completely made self-respecting, useful and safe members of our body politic, they must be taught to do something more than to hoe wood and draw water. The way must be opened for them to engage in something better than menial service, and their interests must be aroused to rewards of intelligent occupation and careful thrift. I believe that the exigency can only be adequately met through the instrumentality of well equipped manual training and industrial schools, conducted either independently or in connection with ordinary educational institutions. I am convinced that good citizenship, an orderly, contented life and a proper conception of civic virtue and obligations are almost certain to grow out of a fair chance to earn an honest, hopeful livelihood and a satisfied sense of secure protection and considerate treatment.

WORK OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By David S. Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University.
The twentieth century will be strenuous, complex and democratic. Strenuous it must be, as we can all see. Our century has a host of things to do—bold things, noble things, tedious things, difficult things, enduring things.

More than any of the others, the twentieth century will be democratic. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century was that of the reality of external things. That of the twentieth century will be this axiom in geometry: "The straightest line is the shortest distance between two points." If something needs doing, do it; the more plainly, directly, honestly, the better.

Democracy does not mean equality—just the reverse of this. It means individual responsibility, equality before the law, of course, equality of opportunity, but no other equality save that won by faithful service. The social system that bids men rise must also let them fall if they cannot maintain themselves. To become the right man means the dismissal of the wrong.

The weak, the incompetent, the untrained, the dissipated find no growing welcome in the century which is coming. It will have no place for the unskilled laborer. A bucket of water and a basket of coal will do all that the unskilled laborer can do if he have skilled men for their direction. The unskilled laborer is no product of democracy. He exists in spite of democracy.

The lawyers of the future will not be pleaders before juries. They will save their clients from need of a judge or jury. In every civilized nation the lawyers must be the lawgivers. The sword has given place to the green bag. The demand of the twentieth century will be that the

statutes coincide with equity. This condition educated lawyers can bring about.

In politics the demand for serious service must grow. As we have to do with wise men and clean men, statesmen instead of vote manipulators, we shall feel more and more the need for them. We shall demand not only men who can lead in action, but men who can prevent unwise action. Often the policy which seems most attractive to the majority is full of danger for the future. We need men who can face popular opinion and if need be to face it down.

The need of the teacher will not grow less as the century goes on. The history of the future is written in the schools of to-day, and the reform which gives us better schools is the greatest of reforms. Free should the scholar be—free and brave, and to such as these the twentieth century will bring the reward of the scholar.

The twentieth century will mark an epoch in the history of religion. Some say idly that religion is losing her hold in these strenuous days. But she is not. She is simply changing her grip. The religion of this century will be more practical, more real. It will deal with the days of the week as well as with the Sabbath. It will be as potent in the markets of trade as in the walls of a cathedral, for man's religion is his working hypothesis of life, not of life in some future world, but of life right here to-day, the only day we have in which to build a life.

STRIKES HELP WORKINGMAN'S CONDITION.

By Bishop Potter, of New York.
I believe in strikes, shocking as the statement may seem. I believe in the conservative value of the organizations from which the strikes come. The condition of the working man was never improved until in reply to the demands of a labor organization itself or by the interposition of persons not interested as capitalists or laborers. The real value of the labor organization is that it appears to be the only method by which the great interests which serve themselves best by exacting most can be obliged to yield some consideration to those over whom they have control.

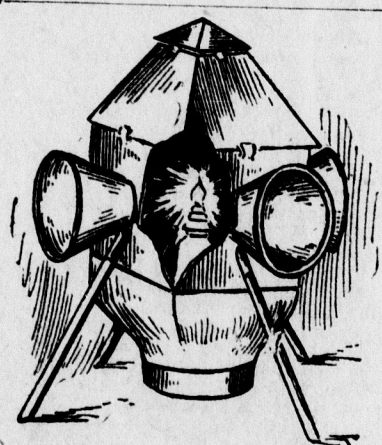
DEMOCRACY OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University.
State schools are, so far as mental training and the acquisition of knowledge go, vastly superior to either church schools or private schools. Private and church schools tend to breed caste and division among the children of the community. The public school, on the other hand, is the mirror of the republic. In the public schools of a town you have the purest democracy in the world. When we look at hard facts, we see that it is folly to blame the schools for defects of blood, lapses of virtue and blight of character, which neither our laws nor our policy requires the schools to combat. You must blame the church, you must blame the offenders, you must blame yourselves, when your children become the victims of intemperance, vice or impiety.

INSECT TRAP FOR NIGHT USE.

An Inexpensive Method for Killing Insects That Fly.

The Government Bureau of Statistics is authority for a statement containing figures reaching into the hundreds of millions of dollars as indicating the expenditure applied directly to fighting the insects and worms which damage the cotton, wheat, corn and other crops which form such a substantial part of our revenues. A large portion of this



FLAME ATTRACTS PESTS.

amount, no doubt, goes for the introduction of new ideas which have been devised to aid in the work of destroying these pests, and perhaps this latest trap, the invention of a Kentuckian, will receive a share of attention and serve its purpose in many a field. The inventor takes advantage of the well-known propensity of insects to fly toward a light, the flame in this instance being mounted within a metallic casing, to which entrance is gained through four funnels pointing in different directions. Once within the hood, the insect soon falls to the reservoir beneath, wherein a quantity of insecticide has been placed to complete the destruction of those which escape the actual contact with the flame. Mention is also made of the fumes rising from the liquid and impregnating the atmosphere around the flame to overcome the insects and cause them to fall into the liquid.

New Cure for Kleptomania.

A few years back a West End shopkeeper, prompted by some remarks in *Truth* as to the best punishment for kleptomania, wrote to inform me that he had adopted the plan of giving every woman detected in purloining articles in his shop the option of being summarily birched by the manager or prosecuted by the ordinary process of law. The same correspondent now writes to report the result of his operations in this direction up to the present time. In all, he says, twenty women have accepted the ordeal of the birch, in addition to two young girls of foreign nationality, who, in consideration of their tender years, were treated to a milder form of chastisement. I am not, of course, in a position to guarantee the accuracy of this information; I own, indeed, to

THREE MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEMSELVES WEALTHY AT FARMING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

ONE of the most successful millionaire farmers in the West is David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., who has made \$1,000,000 in farming, and who actually owns the largest farm in the world. Rankin has 23,000 acres under his personal supervision, all of which is under cultivation. He began farming with a colt which his father gave him when a lad. He traded the colt for a pair of oxen and with them tilled eighty acres of rented land, until he had accumulated enough to buy a small tract. He had been living in Illinois, but thought better of Missouri as a farming country. So for \$8 an acre he bought great tracts of ground, adding to his fields as the income of the other fields would permit, until he had surrounded himself in thirty years with 23,000 acres, all of which is sown to crops every year. He employs 200 men on the farm. He has 700 teams, and in good seasons he makes \$100,000 clear money. He buys 8,000 to 10,000 head of steers every year and feeds them. He keeps these cattle, not in pastures, but in clean stables and lots, where they are fed from the products of his fields until he is ready to ship to the markets.

Take the Forsha ranch, in Kansas, for instance, where another system is carried on entirely. Mr. Forsha is a believer in the raising of alfalfa, and he has 15,000 acres sown to that. He also raises and feeds cattle for the markets, but he never raises cereals. He has a mill on his ranch, and he buys the wheat from other farmers, makes it into flour, but he raises little wheat himself. He makes from \$10 to \$100 net profit an acre from the alfalfa, and the fields in the fall and winter furnish pasture for his herds. Forsha began ranching and farming in Kansas only a few years ago. To-day he is worth several hundred thousand dollars.

John Stewart began farming in Kansas without a dollar. He was working in a real estate office as a salesman. He bought some homesteaders' rights to deserted quarter sections for a mere pittance. A boom came, and Kansas, and began ranching and raising wheat. To-day Sumner County produces 8,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and holds the world's record in quantity for its size. Stewart bought additional land every year there was a drought, thereby getting it at a reduction. He has made a large fortune in less than thirty years.

a suspicion—I hope unfounded—that my correspondent is "getting at me" with a view of inspiring wholesome terror in the hearts of women of dishonest proclivities who do their shopping in the West End. But as that is a desirable end, I have no objection to co-operating in it to this extent. It may perhaps be useful if I mention at the same time that, according to my shopkeeping friend, his manageress is a very muscular woman and her weapon a formidable one. Perhaps some of the shopkeepers of Selby may feel inclined to give a trial to this castigatory cure for kleptomania.

MEXICAN ARMY.

Will Soon Number 200,000 Perfectly Equipped Soldiers.

Mexico, which next to the United States, is the most orderly and stable of all the American republics, is pursuing a policy of military expansion which seems likely to develop a highly efficient system of national defense. It is the desire of President Diaz that within two years the Mexican government shall be able on short notice to mobilize an army of 200,000 thoroughly trained and perfectly equipped soldiers. To make this result possible more than 300,000 boys and young men are now receiving regular daily military instruction in 11,000 public schools of Mexico, and the army will be recruited from their number. This program for the creation of a

greater Mexican army is supplemented with plans for a larger naval establishment, two vessels for which are now under construction at the Crescent shipyard, Elizabethtown, N. J. In this development of her military resources Mexico is following the natural policy of enlightened nations. It is believed in some quarters that the integrity of Mexican institutions will be severely tested when President Diaz retires from office, and that a strong government, including an effective military establishment, will be needed to protect the republic against serious internal disorder. It is possibly with a view of providing for such an emergency that the present movement for a large and trustworthy army has been instituted.—Army and Navy Journal.

Municipal Ownership in England.

A comprehensive return of the financial workings of the "public utilities" undertakings in British towns and cities has just been given to the public through a government board. It covers the four years ended March, 1902. The principal undertakings carried on by the 299 corporations were: Markets, 223; waterworks, 193; cemeteries, 143; baths, 138; electricity, 102; gasworks, 97; tramways, 45; harbors, 43. The aggregate net profits were \$23,417,522.

Fresh men usually tell stale stories.

NORTHERN HOSPITALITY.

Eskimos Denied Themselves to Feed Shipwrecked Strangers.

Late in the year 1866 the ship *Japan*, under command of Captain Barker, while trying to make her way out of the Arctic Ocean during a severe snowstorm and gale, was driven ashore on the north side of Cape East. The officers and crew were rescued by the coast Eskimos, who at once distributed the shipwrecked persons among the villages along the coast, and kindly shared with them, during the long winter, their huts, clothing and food. In describing the good qualities of these people, Middleton Smith tells, in "Superstitions of the Eskimo," what this generous treatment meant in the way of self-sacrifice among the Eskimos.

As the summer of 1866 had not been favorable for the capture of the walrus, and the ice during the winter had hindered the taking of seal, the food supply of these people was unusually small, and to take care of and feed a whole shipwrecked crew of thirty-two men, at a time when they could scarcely obtain provisions sufficient for their own families, was a heavy task. When probable starvation stared them in the face, a council of the little settlements was called to see whether they should endeavor to keep these strangers through the winter, or simply to save their own people.

It was decided by this council that as the strangers were thrown, by no fault of their own, upon their shores and, as it were, placed under their care, they should have an equal chance for life with themselves.

Captain Barker, of the *Japan*, testifies that the Eskimo women, in apportioning the food among his men, frequently shed tears on account of the smallness of the amount, and often would increase the quantity by adding portions of their own shares.

All through the long arctic winter the strangers, who were so helpless and entirely dependent upon these people for the food, clothing and shelter which should enable them to survive the arctic frosts, were given the best food that was to be had, and the largest share. Those of the crew who were assigned to distant villages also testify to having been treated with the utmost kindness and consideration.

Captain Barker did not learn until the plenty of the following spring made further fear unnecessary that there had been any council, or any question among the Eskimos in regard to supporting him and his crew during the winter.

MONKEY HAS MOTHER LOVE.

Display of Almost Human Tenderness by a Simian at Bronx Park Zoo.

The annals of the New York Zoological park in the Bronx, which are most like folks just now are the long-armed mother baboon and her baby. Mother and child hold the center of the stage in the primates' house and attract even a larger crowd to their cage than the uncanny bats that eat, sleep and fight with their heads hanging down and their claws gripped to the wires overhead.

A monkey is never more human than when she has an unweaned baby. The long-armed mother is proud of her child, for she sits as close as she can get to the front of the stage so that all the visitors and the jealous, childless, race-suicide monkeys across the way can see her baby.

The infant has an excellent appetite and after each nursing goes to sleep on his mother's shoulder. The mother baboon's kisses are as human-like as anything in the show and the baby hears all the "tootsey-wootsey" talk that is good for him from the women in front of the cage.

The mother hasn't lost interest in the social doings and quarrels of the primates' house as the result of her domestic cares. There was a fight the other day between two noisy baboons in the next cage. Heads were out, tenement-house fashion, all along the line of cages. The long-armed baboon was sitting with her back to her quarrelsome neighbors when the row began and the baby had just gone to sleep. She unbound the little fellow with her left arm, gripped the bar in front of her with her right hand and then stood up very slowly and carefully, faced about the other way and sat down again where she could see the fight.

The baby didn't even stir.—New York Sun.

English in Siam.

A sample of dialect taken from a Siamese newspaper.

"Shooting outrage. Oh, fearful agony! Khoo Fong, one of Phya Song's staff, was on a mission to lampoon and on return shot dead by some miscreants. Scoundrels. Oh! Untimely death! Oh! fearful. Oh! Hell. Friends expressed their morn. The cowardice dog is at large. Six soldiers and policemen were at once dispatched."

The scare head in pigeon English appears to be the real thing.

Never Runs Down.

"What a close watch his wife keeps on him."

"Yes, she's what I'd call a watch without a charm."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

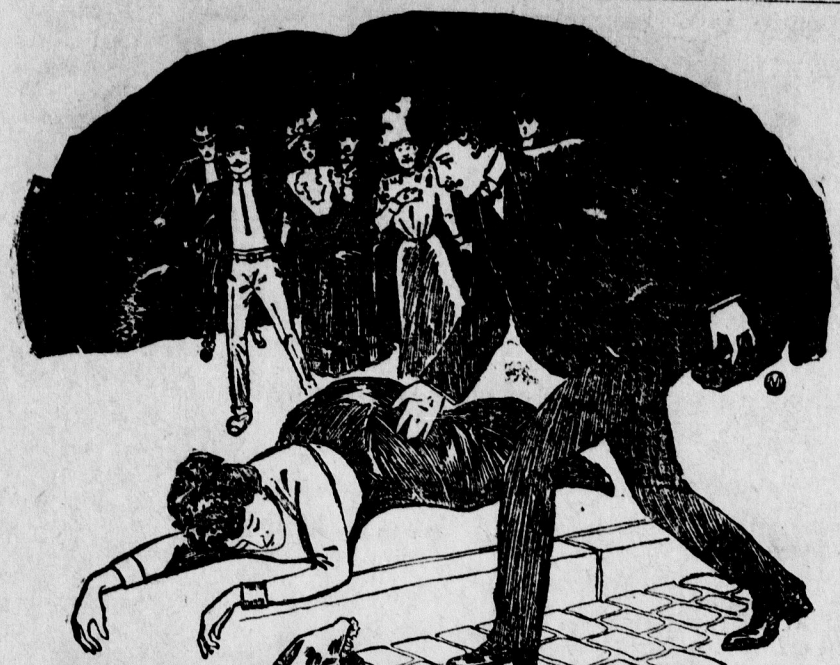
Suspicious.

"He thinks her heart is as good as gold."

"Yes, but it isn't warranted."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Some people waste all their sympathy on others instead of reserving a few doses for their own trials and tribulations.

When a woman nudges you with her elbow it is equivalent to saying, "I told you so."



Fainted On Broadway

Woman in an Unconscious Condition Found on Sidewalk.

Upon Examination at the Hospital, Her Body was Discovered to be Covered with Scars, Caused by the Hypodermic Injection of Morphine—Facts Published as Warning to Other Women.

The above headlines recite the actual experience of a poor wreck of a woman who had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large mercantile house in New York. Her health began to fail, and instead of taking rest and proper medical treatment she resorted to stimulants and morphine.

The hospital physician discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages. If when she had first felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had heeded the warning that serious trouble was in store, and commenced a regular treatment with the Pinkham Remedies, as did Mrs. Rober of Chicago, whose letter follows, the polypus in the womb would have been dissolved and passed away, and to-day she would have been a well woman.

Why will women let themselves drift along into terrible suffering and sickness in this way, when there is monumental proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily relieving thousands of women from this very trouble? There is no excuse for any woman who suffers to go without help. Mrs. Pinkham is very glad indeed to give her personal advice to any one who will write for it, and the following letter simply goes to prove that the Vegetable Compound will positively cure female ills:

"Since the birth of my baby I suffered from womb trouble, backache,

irregular menstruation, also intense nervousness.

"After trying different remedies with no relief I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. To my surprise and delight I found after taking my first bottle very great improvement. I continued its use and it has made me a well woman.

"I am so grateful to you for my recovery that I wish to thank you, and if this testimonial will be of any use to other suffering women, you have my full permission to publish it."

—Mrs. MARY ROBER, 5492 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Free Medical Advice to Women.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

Some one has said that the office of President of the United States is a term of well watched slavery.

Any young man who seeks self culture should form a habit of reading.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running ear or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Californian who goes back East and tells of the greatness of his State is often called a story-teller.

Be as slow to go into debt as you are in getting out of debt.

Black Hair

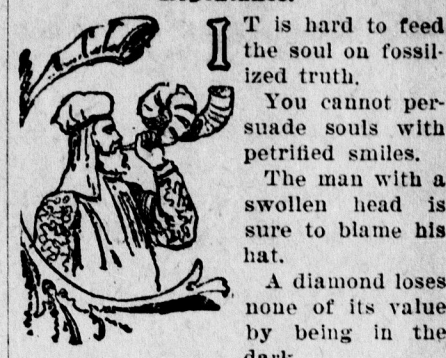
"I have used your Hair Vigor for five years and am greatly pleased with it. It certainly restores the original color to gray hair. It keeps my hair soft."—Mrs. Helen Kilkenny, New Portland, Me.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has been restoring color to gray hair for fifty years, and it never fails to do this work, either. You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling, for keeping your scalp clean, and for making your hair grow.

50c a bottle. All druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



It is hard to feed the soul on fossilized truth. You cannot persuade souls with petrified smiles. The man with a swollen head is sure to blame his hat. A diamond loses none of its value by being in the dark.

A perverted life comes from a love averted from God.

The knowledge of theology is not the knowledge of God.

War with the devil is the condition of peace with God.

When gratitude goes up it never comes back empty-handed.

The sermon that is a work of art is not likely to make sinners smart.

Men value their principles according to the price they have to pay for them.

Socialism may sometimes be Christian, Christianity must ever be social.

It is easier to preach heroic sacrifice than it is to practice ordinary selfishness.

The habits we think we cannot give up are the ones we cannot afford to keep.

God will be faithful in demonstrating the truth if we are faithful in declaring it.

You can never take in a man's virtues so long as you will focus on his faults.

The gambling woman uses God's fairest gifts for the devil's foulest gains.

If a man has no master greater than himself his service must always be degrading.

Only a little man is troubled lest someone should fail to appreciate his greatness.

There is no virtue in the purity that waits until the fires of passion are burned out.

You cannot float on the petals of pleasure when you are sinking in the slough of sin.

When your silence is approved by the saloonist it is well to remember that God's curse is hidden in the devil's smile.

It is not strange that those who are acquainted with the champagne supper on the avenue should approve of the free-lunch saloon on the street.

Freak Names of American Towns.

In Uncle Sam's big post office directory is found a choice lot of freak names of post offices. Among them are:

Two Beans, one Pumpkin, one Turnip, one Cottonseed, two Haystacks, three Beets, three Blackwalnuts, three Crabapples, one Blackberry, one Gooseberry, one Pokeberry, two Peach Orchards, six Peach Trees, two Peach Groves, six Cherry Groves, three Cherries, twelve Groves, six Chestnuts, twelve Olives, two Buttercups, eleven Daisies, four Ferns, one Begonia, one Morning Glory, five Primroses and five Shamrocks.

The patent medicine advertisements in the newspapers seem to have suggested a good many names, such as Cureall, Medicus, Panacea, Nervine, Elixir, Balm of Gilead and Water Cure, while we also find two Backbones, two Elbows, two Fingers, two Hands, one Foot and nine Good Medicines.

Financial problems have suggested Pay Down, Pay Up and Dead Broke, which is found five times on the map of the United States. Hard Times is found twice, Hard Up four times and Pure Broke four times.

Pat Again.

An Irishman, being annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped out of bed to dislodge the offender. It was in the month of January, when the snow was two feet deep. As he did not return his wife went out to see what was the matter, and found him in his nightshirt in the middle of the road, with his teeth chattering and the whole of his body almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Good gracious, pat!" said she, "what would ye be after?" "Hush!" said he, "don't ye see I'm trying to fraze the baste."

Quaint Mountain People.

From a school in the remote districts in the mountains of Kentucky a little incident comes that illustrates the quaintness of the Southern mountain folk. Several of the pupils were six-footers. One quiet lad asked to be excused for a week. "What is the reason?" asked the teacher. "Got some law-business to do." "What have you got to do with law-business?" "Lawing over a killing," was the laconic reply. "Well, what have you got to do with it? You did not see it, did you?" "I allow I did. I'm the feller they tried to kill."

The Usual Proportion.

First Chauffeur—Whose make is your machine? Second Chauffeur—Well, about one-third the manufacturer's and two-thirds the repairer's.—Puck.

The Coffee We Use.

The 1,000,000,000 pounds of coffee imported, which gives each adult person in the United States two pounds a month, is 80 per cent Brazilian and but 2 1-5 per cent Java.

He who never seeks his opportunity will never find it.

PEOPLE WHO APPEAR OLD.

How They May Preserve the Buoyancy and Freshness of Youth.

People who appear old must expect to be considered so, and, if they apply for positions with every appearance that senility has struck them and that they have gone to seed, they cannot expect favorable consideration. If gray haired applicants for positions would only appreciate the value of appearances and would "brace up" when they seek situations—go "well groomed" and well dressed, with elastic steps, showing that they still possess fire, force and enthusiasm—they would eliminate an obstacle greater than their gray hairs.

We think ourselves into incapacity by looking for signs of age and dwelling on them, and the body follows the thought. We should, therefore, avoid the appearance of age in every possible way—by dress, carriage, conversation and especially by our attitude toward people and things. It is not difficult to preserve the buoyancy and freshness of youth, but it must be done by constant effort and practice. A musician who expects to make only one or two important appearances a year must keep up his practice. Youthfulness cannot be put on for a day if old age has had a grip on you for months.

It is important to preserve the fire of youth as long as possible, to carry freshness and vigor into old age by keeping up a hearty interest in everything that interests youth. Many of us seem to think that youthful sports and pastimes are foolish, and before we know it we get entirely out of sympathy with all young life, and consequently really old, whatever our years. We must think youthful thoughts, as associate with young people and interest them. When a person ceases to interest the young he may be sure that he is showing signs of old age.—Success.

Internal Economy.

Two years ago a Poindexter out on Nubbin ridge swallowed a grain of wheat. Last week he was attacked with a fit of coughing and coughed up a fifty pound sack of flour and 100 pounds of bran. Truth is mighty and will prevail.—Hartford Day Spring.

You are busy fooling others; others are busy fooling you. It's all a waste of time. A straightforward course would be better for everybody.—Atchison Globe.

Loss of Appetite

Is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious, and most serious to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand.

The best thing you can do for loss of appetite is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It will make you ready to eat, give a relish to your food, and assist in its digestion. This great medicine cures all stomach troubles, and builds up the whole system.

Dolly Madison.

There are many stories told of the tact and kindness of Mistress Dolly Madison when she was the first lady of the land. Her ready wit saved from confusion many a visitor to the White House who was not accustomed to the ways of polite society.

One of the most amusing of the stories is the tale of a country lad at a White House reception who was surprised in the midst of his enjoyment of a cup of coffee by the approach of his hostess. In his confusion the poor boy dropped his saucer and thrust the cup into his pocket.

Mistress Dolly, who, although her eyes were keen and searching, never saw anything that it was not intended she should see, chatted away with her guest so pleasantly of the weather, the crowd, and, finally, of the young man's mother, whom she had known or heard of, that he recovered from his embarrassment and was soon at ease and ready to accept the fresh cup of coffee which his hostess ordered, despite a certain curious and unexplained bulge in his pocket.

Generous Host.

Tommy—Ma, can I play makin' believe I'm entertainin' another little boy?

Mamma—Yes, dear, of course.

Tommy—All right. Gimme some cake for him.—Exchange.

Success.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Mind This.

It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory

Rheumatism

of the muscles or joints

St. Jacobs Oil

cures and cures promptly.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

The Innocent Suffer With The Guilty

The world to-day is full of innocent sufferers from that most loathsome disease, Contagious Blood Poison. People know in a general way that it is a bad disease, but if all its horrors could be brought before them they would shun it as they do the Leprosy. Not only the person who contracts it suffers, but the awful taint is transmitted to children, and the fearful sores and eruptions, weak eyes, Catarrh, and other evidences of poisoned blood show these little innocents are suffering the awful consequences of some body's sin. So highly contagious is this form of blood poison that one may be contaminated by handling the clothing or other articles in use by a person afflicted with this miserable disease. There is danger even in drinking from the same vessel or eating out of the same tableware, as many pure and innocent men and women have found to their sorrow. The virus of Contagious Blood Poison is so powerful and penetrating that within a short time after the first little sore appears the whole system is infected and every drop of blood in the body is tainted with the poison, and the skin is soon covered with a red rash, ulcers break out in the mouth and throat, swellings appear in the groins, the hair and eyebrows fall out, and unless the ravages of the disease are checked at this stage, more violent and dangerous symptoms appear in the form of deep and offensive sores, copper colored spots, terrible pains in bones and muscles, and general breaking down of the system.

BLOOD POISON IS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS

S. S. S. is a specific for Contagious Blood Poison and the only remedy that antidotes this peculiar virus and makes a radical and complete cure of the disease. Mercury and Potash hold it in check so long as the system is under their influence, but when the medicine is left off the poison breaks out again as bad or worse than ever. Besides, the use of these minerals bring on Rheumatism and stomach troubles of the worst kind, and frequently produce bleeding and sponginess of the gums and decay of the teeth. S. S. S. cures Blood Poison in all stages and even reaches down to hereditary taints and removes all traces of the poison and saves the victim from the pitiable consequences of this monster scourge. As long as a drop of the virus is left in the blood it is liable to break out, and there is danger of transmitting the disease to others. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and can be taken without any injurious effects to health, and an experience of nearly fifty years proves beyond doubt that it cures Contagious Blood Poison completely and permanently. Write for our "Home Treatment Book," which describes fully the different stages and symptoms of the disease.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

FACTS ABOUT FOLKS.

Boys grow more regularly than girls. The memory which acts quickest acts best.

Urban life decreases stature from five years of age on.

Firstborn children exceed later born in stature and weight.

Children born in summer are taller than those born in winter.

Red and yellow are visible at greater distances than green and blue.

Truant boys are inferior in weight, height and chest girth to boys in general.

Dull children are lighter and precocious children heavier than the average child.

Great men, though often absentminded, have strong memories on the lines of their interests.

Healthy men ought to weigh an additional five pounds for every inch in height beyond sixty-one inches, at which height they ought to weigh 120 pounds.

The old Bridewell burying ground in England is the resting place of Mme. Creswell, so often mentioned by Charles II. dramatists, who died in Bridewell prison and left £10 for a sermon to be preached at her funeral on condition that nothing should be said of her but what was well. The preacher got out of the difficulty rather neatly by saying: "All that I shall say of her is this: She was born well, she lived well, and she died well, for she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."

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Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

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202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

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Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

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An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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